

In September and October, 1947, General Motors held a contest for its employees. It was based on the statement MY JOB AND WHY I LIKE IT, and rapidly became known around General Motors as the My Job Contest, or MJC.

The contest was open to all hourly rate employees and some salaried employees. All they had to do was write a letter—any length—explaining why they liked their jobs. The winners were picked by independent judges on the basis of sincerity, originality and subject matter, without consideration of writing ability.

A total of 174,854 entries were received. More than 5,000 prizes, all GM products, were offered, the 40 top prizes being automobiles. This book contains the letters of these 40 top winners, entirely unedited and unchanged.

From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006

My Job and Why I Like It

•

“The reward of a thing well done
is to have done it.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

•

GENERAL MOTORS

1948

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FOREWORD

FROM THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT of the My Job Contest, these questions have been asked repeatedly—

1. *Just what is the reason for the contest?*
2. *What do you hope to get out of the letters?*
3. *May we read the winning letters?*

Now, concerning the first question: The inspiration behind this unusual experiment—an inquiry into the attitudes of General Motors men and women—was generated by the popular fiction that people employed in such large enterprises as ours were “slaves of the conveyor belt”—“were just numbers”—“were without incentives to progress”—“were plodding in a mass to their hopeless destiny” and finally were ripe for revolution against the American form of government and the whole Free Enterprise system.

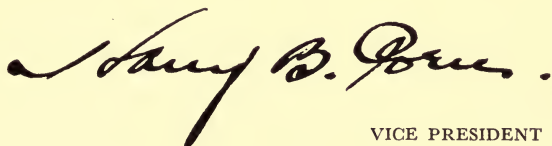
Having spent many years of my life rubbing elbows with other workers, I was convinced that these prophets of doom had completely missed the boat. Their published articles did, however, sharpen up the challenge to get the facts—and the facts are indeed refreshing.

A bit of simple homespun philosophy has run like a thread through all of the material issued during the contest and that is—“Let’s look at the doughnut instead of the hole.” It’s just as simple as that.

The answer or rather the answers to the second question are reflected in the comments of the judges and are also summarized in Mr. Wilson’s remarks beginning on Page 174.

“Yes” is the simple answer to the third question. All 40 of the top prize-winning entries are reproduced in this booklet—unedited, unchanged in any way. And to help you get a better grasp of what each had to say we are including portraits and short biographies of all these men and women.

We believe that, as you read this booklet, you will get the same thrill and inspiration that we who lived so close to the program have experienced.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Harry B. Jones." The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the title "VICE PRESIDENT".

VICE PRESIDENT

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"In the 15 years in which I have handled contests, I know of no contest for which the standards were higher than those maintained from the beginning to the end in this contest."

Lloyd D. Herrold

Head of the Advertising Department
Northwestern University
My Job Contest Administrator

IF ANY OF YOU WINNERS should be wondering whether you won on merit or won as a result of a lottery, let me put you straight. **You won on merit.**

All contest mail is opened, and every letter received is evaluated very carefully by a competent staff in terms of the rules of the contest.

In the 15 years in which I have handled contests, I know of no contest for which the standards were higher than those maintained from the beginning to the end in this contest.

You may wonder how we got people with a background suitable for reading General Motors employees' letters. We placed want ads. We had personal interviews. I called every university in the Chicago territory. We finally ended up with some 60 people who were tested very carefully for three solid hours on a selected 100 letters. We had this all worked out according to our first reading chart, which said, "You are not judging. You are eliminating letters which do not have the merit sufficient to carry them further."

We had to impress on every member of our staff that they were not judges. People get very exalted and high and mighty when they think they are judging. We simply say, "You are merely following this procedure to pick entries that have enough merit to go on." It was very detailed, about three or four pages, with specific examples. When these sets were made up, we knew what letters were in them, what types, what should be eliminated and what should be saved.

We had our greatest difficulty over the appearance of emotionalism in the reader. You can't believe what reading your contest

NOTE: These remarks were made by Professor Herrold at the Grand Awards Banquet for the top 40 MJC winners.

entries actually did to my staff. They never became calloused enough to read fast. Every letter was a precious document to them.

Eliminations were carefully checked by supervisors. These people checked the discards, and constantly had conferences with the readers, until we were assured that a reader could or could not go on.

Then we delegated the work to them. They read the letters carefully, eliminated many. Then we prepared another reading chart.

The second reading was done by our best people. They went over the remaining entries very carefully and very slowly. They rated this group of about six or seven thousand in terms of what your little booklet told you the letters would be judged on: sincerity, originality, and subject matter. They rated each in terms of

RATING SHEET						ENTRY NUMBER	SCORE
	Ordinary	Fair	Good	Better	Best		
SINCERITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐		
ORIGINALITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐		
SUBJECT MATTER	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐		

RATING SHEET						ENTRY NUMBER	SCORE
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SINCERITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐		
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SUBJECT MATTER	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐		

RATING SHEET						ENTRY NUMBER	SCORE	SCORE
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SINCERITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐			
ORIGINALITY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐			
SUBJECT MATTER	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐			
TOTAL								

five different points, "ordinary," "fair," "good," "better," and "best."

First they read the letter. Then they rated "originality" as either "best," "good," "fair," and so forth, by simply checking a prepared sheet. Then they read it again and considered it on "sincerity," which is very difficult to evaluate, and then on "subject matter." Each rating chart was then scored.

The very best group, about 600, went on to a man we had selected from the university staff, who is engaged in management work. He has had a lot of experience. He read them, rated them, and boiled them down to a group of about 200. These were sent to the Board of Judges.

Now the fact that you are here as a winner, means definitely that your letter was exceptional. It was so judged by everybody who saw it in this detailed method of evaluating it, and I congratulate you on it.

The contest was a heavy job—not nearly so great a quantity as we get in contests that run into three and four million entries, but in quality and in length it was something. I was almost knocked over when I actually saw the entries, because I had left Detroit with the idea you were all writing just one hundred words, the normal type of contest. You were given unlimited length, and some of the people used it very generously.

I don't know how we ever got through the job. Right now I don't even know what it did to my staff physically. I do know this. It moved every worker. Unlike all other jobs where we are put under pressure, they were sorry to see this one end.

Sincerely, the procedure for evaluating this contest was very carefully planned, step by step. That you have been selected as a winner can mean only that you won on exceptional merit.

"If I were to sum up in two short sentences all that was said in the statements, I would do it this way: All this could happen only in America. I am proud to be an American."

Dr. John Studebaker

U.S. Commissioner of Education
MJC Board of Judges



I SHOULD LIKE TO MEET every one of the winners of this exciting contest. The statements you wrote—in fact all the statements were full of the humanity, the dignity, the ambition and the pride of the American working man. They were filled with admiration for the General Motors' guiding philosophy "More and better things for more people." And they proudly said you had adopted this philosophy as your own. Finally, the very frankness and honesty of the statements told me they were written by men and women who had a real sense of job security and the peace of mind of knowing they had it.

I must confess that the statements made me a bit homesick. They quickly took me back to the years when I was a young man working out my apprenticeship as a bricklayer. As an apprentice and finally as a journeyman bricklayer, I worked my way through college with my trowel. At first I thought I would go into the building business. Then I decided to be a teacher. But after I went into teaching, I spent a number of summers laying brick. I am fond of saying that in those days I had to lay brick in the summer so that I could afford to teach school in the winter.

I would not trade that early experience for gold. It has given me much. It has given me the feeling of companionship with you as I, in this manner, convey my hearty congratulations with what I trust is a real understanding of your achievements. I can take pride in saying, along with you, that I, too, know the satisfaction that comes with helping to shape, to build, to create things of great material value which are destined not only to be useful to our fellow men, but to add inspiration to life in general.

NOTE: Digest of transcribed speech made by Dr. Studebaker at Grand Awards Banquet, December 13, 1947.

Your statements spoke of such satisfactions in many different ways, depending on your particular job and on the way you look at it. One of you who works in the Oldsmobile plant, for example, said "the grind and roar of the giant machines—a roar that makes me feel good inside." Others of you spoke of designs, or of carving and chiseling the golden Peruvian mahogany that goes into your Cadillacs. One of you mentioned the awesome beauty of "blue steel chips that curl slowly" off your tools. Still others of you, working with tiny precision parts, some so small they are almost microscopic, spoke of the satisfaction of knowing how smoothly those parts kept motors and engines humming at their vital tasks all over the world. The average motorist does not even know they exist, which in itself is a high tribute to your skill. But you know. Time and again you expressed in your statements the satisfying insights you have into American inventive genius; you displayed a marvelous understanding of how from your essential niche your skill, your knowledge and your good will are extended to people everywhere, thus adding tremendously to social progress and personal happiness.

There were other reasons why you said you like your jobs.

I mentioned job security. Workers, cherishing their homes and their families, place high value on the sound standard of living which work with General Motors makes possible for them. They know, further, and the statements repeatedly said, that the American system of free enterprise places within the reach of all American working men a freedom of choice and aspiration of which no other workers in the world can boast. There are no whipping posts in America, one of you wrote. A mistake can be excused by a simple apology.

Yet above and beyond personal and job security there are some other things you mentioned frequently—the splendid spirit, the effective teamwork, and the unique prestige at General Motors. And you indicated that it is your Company's clear recognition that man does not live by bread alone. You referred to the provision of medical staffs, your hospitalization plan and group insurance program. You spoke of cleanliness and sanitation, of all possible precautions for your personal safety, of varied recreation and cultural activities. Finally, you spoke of incentive, the opportunity for growth on the job, for study, and for advancement. Several of you said you were personally acquainted with executives now high in the organization who had in former days been covered with crank case oil.

If I were to sum up in two short sentences all that was said in the statements, I would do it this way:

All this could happen only in America. I am proud to be an American.

"I want to say to you that I think we five gentlemen agreed that the forty papers were the forty best. It was an inspiration and a heartening experience to me to get so close to you and feel something more about you all."

Edgar A. Guest

The Detroit Free Press
MJC Board of Judges



I AM SO FILLED with the "Why I Like My Job" letters that I thought I ought to tell you now why I like my job as a member of the Jury of Awards. Of course it didn't offer me job security or a vacation with pay, and I didn't think it would, but it did give me pleasant working conditions, and most pleasant associates. It was a thrilling experience for me.

I read with a great thrill these letters, not in the sense that they were letters. To me, they were writings from the heart and minds of General Motors men and women, pouring out their aims and their aspirations and their hopes, and I found in every one that they were all dreaming of things that they could do for their loved ones and for their friends.

I went back to my own home. When I was a boy, we had a winter and a summer kitchen—imagine a house with two kitchens—and under the table in the summer kitchen they had a junk box. Into the junk box my father made us children throw everything which we might think of no material value, because he would say, "I may be able to use it some day."

One day when I dropped a lamp chimney, he told me to put the pieces of broken glass in the junk box. I couldn't for the life of me see what he would ever do with those bits of broken glass. But the following spring he had a little painting to do, and I found that in those days, before safety razor blades came into existence, bits of glass were the finest known things for removing old paint.

Years after I happened to think of that old junk box and the broken lamp chimney, and on top, lying right in the middle of it, was an idea, and that idea must have been in that junk box all the

NOTE: The above comments are excerpts from Mr. Guest's speech at the Grand Awards Banquet, December 13, 1947.

time, but I never knew it. It took me thirty years to find it, and it was this:

My father often used to say:
"My boy don't throw a thing away:
You'll find a use for it some day."

So in a box he stored up things,
Bent nails, old washers, pipes and rings,
And bolts and nuts and rusty springs.

Despite each blemish and each flaw,
Some use for everything he saw;
With things material, this was law.

And often when he'd work to do,
He searched the junk box through and through
And found old stuff as good as new.

And I have often thought since then,
That father did the same with men;
He knew he'd need their help again.

It seems to me he understood
That men as well as iron and wood,
May broken be and still be good.

Despite the vices he'd display
He'd never throw a man away,
But kept him for another day.

A human junk box is this earth
And into it we're tossed at birth,
To wait the day we'll be of worth.

Though bent and twisted, weak of will,
And full of flaws and lacking skill,
Some service each can render still.

Well, I thought of that as I remembered the nights that I was reading the letters, from the highest to the lowest. There was an expression in those letters, the reflections of General Motors, their pride in the work they were doing, of that sense of security that comes with work that they know they can continue to do. I think one or two of the winners are way past seventy years of age, looking back, mostly, but still looking forward with joy in the task that is before them.

There was a little Rotary dinner, it wasn't much, but they had me blocked in, I couldn't get out. I had to stay, and in some way the centerpiece began to call to me and said, "Look at me, Eddie, look at me, look at me." And I looked, and my first thought was, "I bet the Rotary undertaker stopped in with that one on his way back." It was low and flat, a little windblown, you could almost see where the purple ribbon had rested. And then the thing said, "No, not that. Look again, look again." I looked again and around it the committee on decorations had stuck six candles, three little ones on

the inner lip and three on the outer, and a great big one in the middle, a fifty-center. They had forgotten to light the big one. I thought, now so long as nobody puts a spark of life to that big fellow, he will do for a thousand banquets, all you have to do is take him out and put him away. Next time bring him out and dust him off and jam him in. But the six little fellows are down to puddles of wax, and about to go out.

I watched some candles burning
At a banquet table spread,
Adding just a touch of beauty
By the mellow light they shed.

But strangely in the center,
Was the tallest of the lot,
Which by chance was left unlighted,
Or was purposely forgot.

The burning tapers glistened,
Every lovely beam they threw
Brought them nearer to their deathbeds,
When they die as candles do.

The one they left unlighted
Stayed all golden and tall,
Still retaining all its freshness,
Giving out no light at all.

And I wondered as I watched them
How we're all like candles made,
With the gift of light within us,
But to use it up afraid.

Do we hope that life will miss us,
Or neglectful pass us by,
While our fellows burn in service,
For the good of passersby?

I want to congratulate you 40 winners. I want to say to you that I think we five gentlemen agreed that the 40 papers were the 40 best, and I can say it was an inspiration and a heartening experience to me to get so close to you and feel something more about you all.

PRIZES for the best 5,145 letters in MJC were valued at more than \$150,000.

"When we got together and compared the results of our different methods, we found that we had succeeded in eliminating the superficial judgment. To our great surprise we came out together, practically unanimously."

Peter F. Drucker

Professor of Political Economy,
Bennington College, Vt.
MJC Board of Judges



I AM NOT going to talk about the very profound impression which these letters made on me. It was a very great privilege to be allowed to read them. I have never—and I have seen quite a lot of embryo aptitude surveys and embryo contests and what have you—I have never come against anything like it. I want to talk about it very much, especially as I see so many old friends in the audience, people who several years ago helped me when I made a study of this great Corporation, and people whose spirit and whose attempt to do a really good job I felt mirrored in those letters as they came up from the men who worked with them.

Much as I would like to talk about the letters, I think I would rather talk about the way we five judges went about our business.

Here were people trying to write, people who could write and people who couldn't, all of them trying very hard to say something that was close to them to people who didn't know half as much about the job as any of the writers did.

The contest management took very careful precautions to prevent the judges from putting their own personal judgment in place of an attempt to judge. First, we didn't know anybody's name. We didn't know which division the letter came from, unless the division was mentioned in the letter, as it was in a good many cases. And the letters were all reproduced in exactly the same way, written on the same typewriter, with the same margin, so as to eliminate feelings of prejudice which we might have on the score of bad handwriting or sloppy margin.

So we got them all looking very neat, printed, all looking alike.

NOTE: These remarks on the contest were made by Professor Drucker at the Grand Awards Banquet, Detroit, December 13, 1947.

Then they did something they didn't tell us about. They didn't send us the letters in the same sequence. Our contest administrator knew very well that if you read forty or fifty letters, you are a great deal more tired toward the end of it than you are at the beginning. He wanted to eliminate that hazard.

Even so, I think all of us felt very dubious when we met and compared our results and our methods. Now I found out that each one of us had experimented with a good many methods, and each one of us had come up with a different one. Dr. Studebaker used what is the approved best school grading method.

I kind of established a pyramid in my mind, and went through each letter four times. First I graded it on the matter of originality, sincerity, content and subject matter, and then I glanced at the letters and looked at each letter as a whole. With one parcel I began with the three individual criteria, and the next I would begin by looking at the letter as a whole and then I would try to check my own findings against the other. It took quite a lot of time, and it was very exciting, because I really came to know the letter.

When we got together and compared the results of our different methods, we found that we had succeeded in eliminating the superficial judgment. We had succeeded in eliminating the emotional and purely personal judgment, because to our great surprise we came out together, practically unanimously. There were a few cases where one of the judges would think a letter should rate a little higher, but I think there were no cases where one judge thought a letter was very good and another one thought the letter was pretty poor. We were very close together, amazingly.

Now I have seen a great many attempts to judge, not contests but papers and so on. I have never seen any such attempt where five judges who were very different people, who didn't know each other, who came from very different backgrounds, came out together. To me that means that we succeeded in eliminating, or at least in minimizing, the subjective and arbitrary elements that I feel very difficult about in my own mind. Coming out yesterday, I read the 200 top letters again, and I feel very satisfied with those forty winners. Each of them really did an outstanding job in the understanding of his job, in relating his job to his own life, to the community in which he lived, to the country in which he lives.

So my hearty congratulations, and if anybody ever deserved a prize, it is those 40 contest winners.



"It was a privilege to read these documents. I never before had such confidence in the strength of our democracy."

Dr. George W. Taylor

Professor of Industry, Wharton School
University of Pennsylvania
MJC Board of Judges

I CERTAINLY CONCUR with the other judges about the very rare privilege that we have had in reading over the letters that were sent in on this contest. It made me look at my job a bit, too.

I thought of a story about a little town in Pennsylvania not so many years ago. A fellow got too old to work and he had to have old age assistance in order to carry on. One day he appeared before the city hall in this little town with a broom and started sweeping the sidewalk in front of the city hall. Nobody paid very much attention to him. He came there every day, and finally somebody went up to him and said, "Look, Mister, why are you coming down here every day and sweeping?" He said, "When I work for my bread, it tastes sweeter. I am a man."

And I suppose running through all of these letters I felt that same thought. I want to work for my spot in this universe, and when I work for it the bread tastes sweeter, because I am a man.

I have always believed in the strength of democracy. We say that word without thinking very much about what it means. We say it means the dignity of the individual, and harnessing each individual's bit of strength to a common objective.

I saw that work during the war. I happened to have one of those jobs in Washington during the war, and you know we never had a greater challenge, a free people, with the might of a fascist, totalitarian country against us. A lot of little guys like you and me put our shoulders to the wheel. Nothing can stop us when we work together. I always believed that. I never before understood so fully and so deeply why that was so.

Yes, sir, it was a privilege to read these documents. I never before

Note: The above is a digest of Dr. Taylor's talk at the Grand Awards Banquet, Detroit. December 13, 1947.

had such confidence in the strength of our democracy. I don't think there is a totalitarian nation in the world that can match the strength that was in those letters. As I look back over it, I have something of this impression. I would like to wind up by telling you a little story.

Before the war, there was a new-rich American. He decided to take a trip through Europe, and in the course of his wanderings, he came to Paris and the Louvre Museum. Everybody goes to the Louvre Museum. Finally he stood before that great portrait of Mona Lisa.

This rich American took a look at it, and he said, "That painting is not so hot. I don't think those lines are very good, and the colors are faded. That doesn't impress me at all." One of the guards in the Louvre Museum overheard the American. He went up to him, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Mister, when you look at that painting, it is not on trial. You are on trial."

I had the feeling honestly and sincerely as if I were looking at a great painting, in a Mona Lisa way, of the strength of America, when I read these letters.

This country isn't on trial. It is a Mona Lisa all right, and I congratulate every one of you who won prizes. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, not just for yourselves, but for the privilege of reading your letters.

IN ADDITION to national MJC prizes, many hundreds more were given at drawings held in various GM plants during the contest.

"They bear testimony to the truth that is in you, and they measure the dimensions of your good will."

James E. McCarthy

Dean, College of Commerce
University of Notre Dame
MJC Board of Judges



THE DIMENSIONS of the good will of the men and women of General Motors who submitted letters in the My Job Contest, letters of uniform, thriving, deep wisdom, prove on an immense scale that General Motors workers are not caught in a web of doubt regarding those homely virtues of honor, honesty and decency which are basic in the code and practice of good will.

As one of the contest judges, I think that I would be derelict if I failed to tell those of you who are here this evening as representative winners in the My Job Contest, that the men and women of General Motors have given evidence of qualities of mind and heart that will long be remembered by everyone concerned with this contest. With terseness and restraint, with homeliness and simplicity and splendor, you proved to us that General Motors men and women are not moving in areas of moral and spiritual wilderness. You have proved to us that you have a deep and abiding sense of rights and responsibilities. You have proved to us that you are seriously devoted to the welfare of all of our people in preference to the advancement of personal and selfish interests.

By your letters, you proved that good workmanship, job responsibility and pride of achievement are not outmoded words that have been emptied of the significance they originally had. Your claims of personal contribution were modest. You emphasized the skillful blending of your jobs with others in the interests of unity and purpose and correlation of effort. You specifically told us that there were no latent antagonisms among General Motors men and women. Rather you were generous in your praise and appraisal of your fellow workers in the General Motors family.

NOTE: Dean McCarthy made the above remarks in his address at the Grand Awards Banquet, Detroit, December 13, 1947.

You told us of your sincere intention to promote the historic continuity of General Motors through personal subscription to practices having their roots deep in achievement, pride and good workmanship. You told us in your letters of your unqualified respect for your foremen and the men occupying decision-level positions in the General Motors organization. You proved to us that you have no blurred impressions regarding the wisdom and responsibility the executive managers of this industry possess, and are content to bear.

In your letters you told us that the managers of General Motors subscribe to policies in your behalf that were a blending of justice, wisdom and good will. Acknowledgments such as you made in your letters, and which were given, I know, generously and without regret, are reflective of your personal dignity and your integrity. They bear testimony to the truth that is in you, and they measure the dimensions of your good will.

The General Motors men and women have indicated that they are workers, happy workers, and that they cannot be themselves or function as the kind of human beings they are in their personalities and their relationships without work, work that is truly productive, productive of a commodity or service that is socially needful and competitively accepted. This evening's evidence of the merging of your sympathetic, unseverable interests with this wide diffusion of mutual benefits, will fall in our memories like a benediction, because it represents an aspiration realized in the area of good will.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Anthony Alubowicz

DETROIT TRANSMISSION DIVISION

Anthony Alubowicz, 43, has been a plant protection officer for the Detroit Transmission Division since November, 1944. From 1920 until 1940 he lived on his mother's farm in Poland.

After the outbreak of World War II the German Gestapo refused to permit him to leave the country, but after a year of bribing German officials he was able to reach Finland, then Scotland and finally the U.S. His son and daughter recently arrived in the U.S.; his wife hopes to follow. Here is his letter.

I HAVE WORKED under the pre-war Polish republican. Later, after the war broke out, I worked under the boot of the Nazi masters. For these reasons my job means a lot to me. Mainly because it is in the United States, and what the United States stands for. Everything else I consider is extra and a bonus.

I could tell you quite a bit about the good points of my job as a plant protection man with General Motors. The security pay, and good bunch of buddies to work with, and many other points that make me glad to wear the General Motors badge. But I know that most of these things are possible only because we are the lucky ones to live in America. I think I feel this stronger than the next man because for a while I lost these

things. I could only read the Constitution in a school book. It was cold type in a book, not security, opportunity and freedom. These things were only for a people 3000 miles across the ocean. Maybe people who didn't know how lucky they were. I was lonely and frightened even though I had my family. I was more frightened than my neighbors, because they never know what they were missing. Today I appreciate my job twice as much because I am back under the Constitution.

I lived in Poland for 20 yrs. between 1920 and 1940. Though I was born and raised in this country, my parents took me back with them when I was 17.

We were farmers and Poland then was considered a free republican country. A farm worker earned the price of 3 packs of cigarettes, not for a day's work as we consider it in America, but about 16 hours. That is about 45 cents daily. Those were my wages.

A factory worker was much better off. He earned three times as much for 10 hrs. work, with the exception that he had to buy his own food. He was even with the farmer after he bought his food. He never talked about group insurance, recreational programs or medical care, cause no one ever heard of such things. He was glad to have a job, when there was a job. The Nazi invaded Poland in 1939 with promises of better living conditions for the common man. My first experience with them was in the second day of the war, because I lived close to the border. A German officer waved a Mauser pistol in my face while his soldiers took everything that wasn't nailed down. Then the labor government started. Those who weren't shot were sent to labor camps.

I wish you would understand, and the people who didn't have the experience of living under a different government, what it was like. Shoes, or boots as most people wore, were a luxury. They carried these shoes on their shoulder's going to town or church, putting them on only in town or in front of the church. They walked, that was the only means of transportation. Seeing an automobile was something extraordinary.

This wasn't 1880 but 1940 under a supposed labor government.

At the end of 1940, as an American citizen, I was evacuated to the United States by our Consulate leaving my wife and 2 children. I am now working to have them join me. On my arrival to this country I underwent an operation and, after more than a year of lying at home and in a hospital, I obtained a job as a Plant Protection man at the Detroit Transmission Div. I have worked here nearly 3 years.

There are so many good points about my job, and so numerous to mention, but to be sincere and truthful, first of all I appreciate being able to help, my family by sending packages of food and clothing to Europe. I am able to prepare these packages, because I have the time, I work 8 hrs. daily, from 6 in the morning to 2 in the afternoon 5 day's a week. The corporation can't take the place of my family but it helps a lot. I can take my meals in our modern cafeteria, which furnishes good food at very reasonable prices. The plant furnishes, cleans and presses my uniform every two weeks. It even worries about my health, putting up posters to remind me of colds in the winter time and accidents which may occur as well as reminding me to visit the doctor for advice when I'm not feeling well. It also supplies me with an insurance policy and hospitalization in case of accident, sickness or death. I have an opportunity for advancement among fine and pleasant work associates and even after working hours we can get together at outings and picnics.

Besides in my line of work I keep interested, seeing that the work goes on in the various departments, that there are no accidents or fire hazards, because I understand that constant production and steady employment will keep our country on the highest basis of living and help the European and other countries to live and adopt our ideas and system of living.

Best of all I am very glad to be back in the United States where such good things are possible and happen naturally. My job with General Motors is something extra and could only happen here.



Winner of a
Cadillac
Series 62
Convertible

Thomas B. Anslow

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Thomas B. Anslow works in the Buick Motor Division's Plant 3 at Flint, Mich., the Forge Plant. He is a forging machine operator, pounding hot metal down into dies to forge gears that go into Buick transmissions.

Born in Pennsylvania on April 29, 1905, Mr. Anslow attended high school for three years before enlisting in the Navy in 1923. He came to Buick in 1925, just 22 years ago.

Mr. Anslow is married and has a daughter, Janet, 14.

His main hobby is hunting, even though, for two years in succession, he has been a victim of accidents in a boat and canoe used to get to good hunting spots. Both accidents resulted in Mr. Anslow's being "ducked" in ice-cold water. He lists as other hobbies carpentry, boating, fishing and dogs. Mr. Anslow also has been a participant in the GM Suggestion Plan, receiving an award of \$306 for his idea.

Following is Mr. Anslow's letter which won him the highest award in the "My Job and Why I Like It" Contest:

MY JOB is in the Drop Forge Plant, Buick Motor Co. A Drop Forge is an industry in itself, and altho it is a highly paid work it is of such nature that it automatically eliminates the lazy, the

work requires thinking ability, physical endurance and good judgement. Because . . .

A Drop Forge is a place with many roaring fires, blast furnaces that heat bars of steel of all sizes & lengths to temperatures up to 2300° Fahrenheit. Machines that cut cold steel, like so much cord wood. Overhead cranes that can lift 50 tons without effort. It is a place with giant steam hammers powerful forging presses, forging machines, machines of all types and sizes. Pounding, pushing, squeezing, white hot steel into die impressions, to form crank shafts cam shafts, rods, steering knuckles, gears, axles and all those odd shaped parts of an automobile, that you so often wondered how they got that way. A Forge is the place that rattles the windows in buildings for blocks around. It is hot and dirty and it is noisy. It has a smell of heat and sweat, and burning gases. It is a place with rhythm. The rhythm of production you understand, because you do it, you see it, you feel it. It is a place with individual know how. To we who work here it is a place of fascination, it is a way of life. To a person seeing it for the first time, when the temperature is in the nineties, he would probably think of the place he had been warned about in his Sunday school days.

A Drop Forge worker is a peculiar sort of Joe, he has a tough job, and he is proud of it. He makes forgings eight, nine, or ten hours a shift, after work he makes them in the tavern, he makes them at the dinner table, in fact he makes them wherever & whenever he can get anyone to listen and he always makes them better than the other guy. He is a guy that is always going to quit just as soon as he gets that 40 or 80 paid for. He gets it paid for O.K. He then hires someone to work it or lets his wife do it. As a rule he never quits the forge until old age makes it too tough and when the boss gives him an easy job, he thinks he is being pushed around. Yes, I am one of these Joes, with 23 yrs in this plant, my dad has 32 yrs, and my kid brother 13 yrs.

My job is forging machine operator. I forge the various gears that go in the Buick transmission. As an operator my job

is to set the dies, and operate the machine. Other than the general atmosphere of the forge I have personal reasons for liking my job, mostly selfish I suppose. My job allows me to operate as an individual, rather than just one of a group. Since all transmission gears are different in shape and size they require different dies. To set these dies in a machine, that is constantly changing due to wear and intense heat, in the shortest time possible, is proof of my ability. To take care of the dies, to get the maximum amount of production, is also a challenge to me. To operate my machine over a longer period of time (without major repairs) than the other guy is a record that I am proud of. Since I am paid on a piece work basis it goes without saying that effort is its own reward. All these things together give me the satisfaction of personal achievement. Most of the supervision in a forge plant are people that at one time were forging machine operators, therefore any problems that arise are mutual therefore there is less chance for friction and the operation of the plant is on a personal basis rather than impersonal. Last of all my job, along with my efforts, has allowed me to stand on my own feet thru all the years, the lean as well as the fat. It has made it possible for me to own my home, to own a second home at a nearby lake where we spend all our summers and many weekends in fall and winter. It has allowed me to accumulate a substantial amount in savings, Bonds and paid up insurance for future security. It has also made it possible for me to perform the duties of a citizen in the community in which I live. There are more reasons, but I think this letter is long enough now. Yet any shorter an explanation would be an injustice to the job which I am proud of.

IT IS ESTIMATED that, if all the entries in MJC were piled one atop another, the stack would be six stories high.

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



John W. Armstrong

ROCHESTER PRODUCTS DIVISION

John W. Armstrong, 34, a process engineer, started at Rochester Products in 1941 as an inspector.

He is a graduate of Berea College, Kentucky. During both high school and college days he worked on school newspapers, took an interest in literary groups, and became a member of the college Science Club. He also is interested in ornithology, photography and sail boating.

This is not the first award Mr. Armstrong has won from General Motors. Eight of his ideas have been accepted by the GM Suggestion Plan, entitling him to wear a gold suggestion pin. He has been paid a total of \$315 for his ideas.

Here is Mr. Armstrong's letter:

WHEN I RETIRE from General Motors there are a great many things I plan to do and all of them relate somehow to collecting new facts, learning new skills, or trying out new ideas.

But I needn't wait until retirement; I can start in right now. That's my job.

I like my job for its limitless and unrelenting demand for new knowledge, of our product, the men and machines which make it, the uses to which it is put.

See if you don't find these questions interesting:

Who—can use 54½ miles of copper-plated steel tube per day?

We shall soon be supplying that amount.

Where—is a machinable alloy, impervious to hydrochloric acid containing ferric chloride? We need that now.

What—hydraulic pressure results when a 200 lb. man jams on his automobile brakes?

When—will a machine, run at twice “normal” speed, give out?

How—can the interior of a brazing furnace be observed in detail when every point is one even color—white hot?

Why—does a car manufacturer run his gas line around three sides of the chassis in connecting gas tank to fuel pump?

These are questions to which I shall find answers. Perhaps today. While my job does not encompass all the staff functions suggested by that list of questions any problem concerned with the fabrication of tube becomes my problem. Every time I succeed in solving one of these problems I get recognition, certainly, but more important I am given greater freedom in attacking new problems.

I take pride in my job because I started with General Motors as a bench inspector. That first boss I had didn't expect me to solve problems; he expected me to find defective generator fieldcoils. Until one day I happened on a quicker way of locating those defective coils and since then each succeeding boss has expected more and more of me. It's like that at General Motors. Every job is open to the man who can fill it!

My present boss has a good job, too, and he handles it well. His is a tough job and he will make it even tougher. He thinks and plans continually for the new product, the faster machine and the better method.

Yes, my boss has a good job, too, and I like that!

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



Edna B. Bauer

DELCO-REMY DIVISION

It's hard to believe, but Mrs. Edna B. Bauer, 41, really did begin to take driving lessons a week after she submitted her entry in the My Job Contest. That is how confident she was that she would be awarded one of the cars in the contest.

It was this same confidence that led Mrs. Bauer to tackle a "man's job" back in October of 1942 when war headlines were ominous. Mrs. Bauer told the employment people at Delco-Remy Division that she didn't want just any job. She felt she was capable of taking on a man's assignment in a man's manufacturing world.

And so Mrs. Bauer, with no previous factory experience, was placed in the tool engineering department, learning to make small drawings. Mrs. Bauer's desire to make her life more useful soon led her to a night-school training course in tool designing. Sixty-seven started the course. She was one of the nine who finished. From the small process drawings Mrs. Bauer graduated into various other assignments in the tool engineering field. She has two sons and a daughter. Mr. Bauer is a brickmason, and Mrs. Bauer's salary helps both sons study architecture. Here is her letter:

THIS CONTEST permits me to tell of an experience that sounds as though a fairy godmother had waved her wand. How I was given the opportunity to learn to do the job I'm trying to do is

one of the most miraculous things that has ever happened to me. Since earliest childhood I've felt that sometime I would find the job that would need whatever I had in me to give to it as much as I needed to find that certain job.

I worked for another company once and felt that I wanted to give much of myself to that job. I saw many ways in which working conditions could be improved with the result that the morale of the workers would be kept at a much higher level and they would want to make better products more quickly.

Simple tricks of handling the work and small gadgets made at home and fastened to my table and later to the other tables helped to increase the output of the department. Fellow employees suggested that the company would surely appreciate my extra efforts. It did not!

At an interview with the company's General Manager, he encouraged me to express my thoughts and ideas fully. Then he told me that he had run the business for years and would continue to run it without suggestions or interference from the employees. His attitude gave me the clue as to why the company could furnish only seasonal employment and low pay to its employees. I needed job security, cooperation and happiness while working in order to concentrate on the job and do it well. I quit that company!

Five years ago when I was seriously ill, I prayed to live if there was a job for me to do; if not, I prayed to die. I recovered rapidly. I felt that "my job" would be shown to me when I was ready.

Feeling that I was being guided, I attended classes in machine shop and blueprint reading.

After I had applied for work at DELCO REMY, their personnel manager and a departmental foreman talked with me, concerning a job. Then they said that if I had no more questions I could go and they would call me if they decided to give me the chance to learn the job.

I answered that I knew nothing about the job under discussion, but if they planned to place me on a routine job I'd

prefer that they didn't call me. If they had a job so interesting that it would challenge me to learn as much as possible about it and they would see that I was given the opportunity to learn as much as I could grasp; I'd wait anxiously to hear the 'phone ring.

I was called to work and taught to draw products, and was sent to Apprentice School in Tool Design. As the work became more clearly outlined in my mind, I realized the job's possibilities and took advantage of every opportunity to increase my knowledge. As the need arose for me to know more about a certain phase of the work, arrangements were made for me to be exposed to that knowledge.

Although advised repeatedly that men would withhold knowledge from me because I am a woman, I have never found this to be true. On the contrary, when they understood what I wanted to know, I was either given the correct information or told whom to contact to get it. In order to get along well with and understand those with whom I had contacts, I've had to learn self-control and consideration for others. For instance, after a foreman and I had solved a tough problem, he reached out to slap me on the shoulder, but he stopped before he touched me and turned miserably red with embarrassment. I laughed and said that he had made me very proud and that I felt highly complimented by his impulsive act, for I realized that he had forgotten that he was working with a woman. I had passed another milestone on the way to my goal!

When questioned concerning my goal, I replied, "If there is a man who plans and builds machines, I want to work with that man and help him to complete his dreams successfully." I didn't care what job I was told to do in such work, for I feel that each job is important and each person must realize the importance of his job and do it to the best of his ability or he "lets down the rest of the gang."

The day came when I was sent to drafting in the Experimental Machinery department. As I walked into this department I knew it for "my department". I knew what I wanted!

This job has given me the opportunity to observe active, keen minds at work. These superior men feel more humble than other men for they realize how very much there is to know and they give consideration to all ideas and suggestions from others, for they realize that a suggestion may start a train of thought that will help to solve a problem. They waste little time in doing this, however, for past experience has taught them to differentiate instantly between practical ideas and impractical dreams.

When an idea seems so complicated that I am almost overcome with the feeling of my inadequacy to accomplish the seemingly impossible, my foreman seems to sense my need and says, "Throw some lines on that paper. That's only an old chunk of iron we're going to make. The toolmaker is about ready to make that unit now." I calm down, forget myself and get to work.

Those with whom I work tell me of my mistakes, not to criticize me, but to help me to avoid a repetition. I've been told, "the person who never does anything never makes mistakes"; if that is true I hope to make many mistakes in the future.

My job has helped my family and the community in which we live by furnishing money to buy new furniture, and clothing, in addition to paying doctor and dentist bills and assisting my children to become educated to do their chosen work.

Blue Cross, which I carry through General Motors, paid for x-rays and eighteen days of hospitalization for my husband recently. Well planned rules made it very convenient for me also when I had to go to the hospital for medical attention. My job was appreciated more than ever when I received checks for days when I was unable to work.

Why do I like my job? Because it satisfies my dream of learning new things every day and doing work that will be of benefit to others. As I've stated, my job is in the Experimental Machinery department, which compares in thrills and excitement, to a well conducted three ring circus because there are several machines being worked on at the same time. We, the people of

this department, are intensely interested in watching what happens as each new part is added to a machine. We know that by building more and better machines, more and better products can be produced in less time and for less money without the back breaking labor of the "good old days". We know that when more and better products are made in less time, the day is drawing nearer when people can have the luxuries to which they are entitled, at prices which they can afford.

Security is something that we all need, but I didn't have it in jobs with other companies. My job with General Motors gives to me a feeling of security because of the financial aid and happiness it has given to me in the past and because of the faith I have in it for the future. Past experience tells me that so long as I'm doing my job to the best of my ability and knowledge, "job security" will take care of itself. If I waste time worrying about other things when I should be thinking of and doing my job, I should be given an unlimited amount of time in which to do my worrying while someone else makes the products that you and I need.

If we all work together we can produce and buy the automobiles, automatic washers, refrigerators, radios, electric ranges, spotlights, home freezers, fog lamps, electric ironers and assorted accessories that we need. I need every one of these products. What do you need?



Winner of a
Buick
Model 51
Super
Four-Door Sedan

Delphia Baugh

FISHER BODY DIVISION

Mrs. Delphia L. Baugh went to work for Fisher Body's Fleetwood Plant in Detroit back in 1929. She left to manage a creamery but returned in 1936. Today she works in the cut and sew department where she helps to build arm rests for Cadillac automobiles.

This car is Mrs. Baugh's second major award from General Motors. During the war an idea of hers for increasing production brought her a \$1,000 bond from the GM Suggestion Plan.

Mother of three children, Mrs. Baugh declares that she has known American transportation from the earliest to the most modern. One of her first recollections is of a covered wagon trek from Oklahoma to Iowa taken with her parents when she was four years old. Mrs. Baugh comes of long-lived stock. Her grandfather is now 100 years old. In her letter she wrote:

AS I WALKED into the wash room this afternoon I overheard two of our girls discussing, "My Job and Why I Like It." The conversation went something like this, "Say, who's kidding who I wonder, does any one ever really like their job?"

"Yes, I wonder," the chubby girl answered her tall companion, "Do they expect us to tell a lie and win a prize, or tell the truth and get fired?"

It was nearly quitting time and the wash room was full of girls, (on the company's time.) The pale September sunshine sifted through the open window into the clean wash room which smelled of soap and cosmetics. I looked about the familiar room and then looked myself straight in the eye in the wall mirror. There was a black smudge under my left eye, my hands were rough, my nails were broken, my shoulders ached, I had done a good day's work and I knew it. Well—did I like my job? "You must," I answered myself, "Or else why have you been here all of these years? Why did you quit that job you took during reconversion after V. J. Day? That was nice, clean office work, yet you came back here as soon as you received that telegram to come back to work. Why? You know darned well why, there's only one answer, because you like it. Yes, I know, but the question is WHY do I like it."

As the bus jogged along that afternoon bringing myself and many others home from their day's toil my mind wandered back to my first day's work at Fleetwood, it was called Plant #18 at that time. It was May, 1929, that was—let's see—18 years ago, can I be getting that old? The rumble seat was the newest thing in smartness at that time and I was trying to make the leather arm rests for them. It was piece work, and I know now that the company must have paid me for a good many arm rests they were unable to use, but did my supervisors complain? No, always encouragement, and I needed it. The superintendent even loaned me a yankee screw driver from his own collection of tools to make my work easier. Right then I knew this must be a pretty swell place to work.

Then came the great "Depression" and the employees were scattered, every man for himself. I managed to keep the wolf from my door by managing a small creamery until 1936. When I heard the good news, that Fleetwood was rehiring again, I rushed back and was rehired.

The war came and I saw the last car go off the assembly line. I checked out to wait until the plant could be converted to war time production. While waiting, I went to a rivet school in order

to be prepared as soon as I was needed. When I was through school, General Motors hadn't called me back yet so I tried another air craft plant, and I laugh now when I think about it. After I had my job under control they gave me a new crew of girls to teach them how to do the work. They had never had an air gun in their hands.

I had the patience of "Jobe" trying to teach those girls to rivet. The joke of it was that I discovered these girls had been hired in at the plant from \$.10 to \$.15 more per hour than I was receiving. Did I quit? Well, what do you think? I walked out blinded with tears. I felt like a spoiled child away from home whom had been badly mistreated. It was there I learned another lesson of how grand General Motors are to their employees. I admire them for their fairness.

From here, I tried another plant, one of the largest in or around Detroit. It was a beautiful place, immaculate as a new pin. In fact, everything was so much in order in Crib #10, #11 and on up to #47 that by the time that you "rounded" up all of your tools it was time to go home. No one seemed to know what they were doing or why they were doing it. They tried to convince me that I had always been used to mass production and I'd find this system almost any place I went due to the fact that no one was organized on war production, but I wondered and just as I expected, when I returned to General Motors I found everything running as smoothly as the hum of a G. M. motor. The right tools at the right place, at the right time. I breathed a sigh of relief . . . thank God for G. M. efficiency.

The war was over and during the reconversion back to cars again I went to work in an office. It was nice, clean work, in fact I wondered if I would go back to Fleetwood when I was called. When I received that telegram I asked myself, "Do you really like this job? Don't you miss the old gang?" But the last question did the trick, "Do you feel secure on this job?"—'Nuff said—Instead of taking my seat at my nice, neat desk the following morning I found myself filling my mouth with tacks

and hammering away making arm rests for G. M. again. Sorry? Not a bit, for now I feel secure and security means happiness.

The bus seemed to help jog all of these old memories around my mind and the last quick jerk seemed to convince me more than any of why I like my job, for I was home. Yes, there before my very eyes was a neat little white cottage which, in a way was a gift to me from General Motors. You see, I turned in a suggestion during the war—just a simple little thought of mine, for which they gave me a \$1,000 war bond. With this bond I made the down payment on my home.

No, I don't have to lie. I can write my letter with a clear conscience. Maybe I could have used better English or polished it up a "wee" bit more or thought of a thousand other things about General Motors that were more important, but these are true facts of my own experiences and if I know General Motors that is what they are looking for.

ALTHOUGH THE POSTAGE was paid by General Motors, many entrants put three-cent stamps on their envelopes and some used air mail, registered mail and special delivery.



Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan

Henry N. S. Bierre

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Henry Niels Schiotte Bierre, 51, has been employed at the Buick Motor Division in Flint for more than 20 years. Today he works as a die maker.

Born in Denmark, Mr. Bierre attended college for two years there before coming to the United States. He is married and has two children, both of whom also work for General Motors in Flint. His son, Kenneth, 27, is an employe of the AC Spark Plug Division, and a daughter, Lucille, works in one of the offices at Buick.

During his spare time, Mr. Bierre goes to the completely-equipped workshop in his basement and makes toys for his grandson.

His winning My Job Contest letter follows:

Gentlemen!

A SHORT TIME AGO I returned from a trip to Denmark where I had been visiting my parents. As the huge plane had left the field and was winging it's way in the long night across the ocean homeward to the U.S.A., it gave me a rare chance to muse over the past 25 years that had passed since the first time I had crossed the Atlantic.

This last trip had been wonderful. A short stay in London

and a carefree month in Copenhagen, and now the return trip. As the lights of Shannon Airport, Ireland were fading below, I leaned back in the seat. Here I was—after all just an ordinary workman—yet enjoying all the benefits that modern, luxurious travel can provide. People in Europe had marveled that my wages at G.M.C. could make such trips possible. Yet any G.M.C. employee could do so, if he so desired!

G.M.C. How clearly I remember the first time I heard that name mentioned. It was in Copenhagen that a friend of mine came to me and said: "G.M.C. is starting an Automobile plant here. Let us go and apply for a job." "But that is impossible," I replied "I don't know anything about making Automobiles." "That does not matter," he answered, "and they pay very high wages." In a country where everybody of necessity must be highly skilled to make decent wages, his statement made me wonder—later I knew it to be true.

However, I did not apply, my heart was set on going to the U.S.A. and soon after I was on my way.

Then one day in a city in New York State, as I broke, walked down the streets in quest for work, my attention was called to a group of men, reading a poster in the window of an Employment Agency. Among the notices was one stating: "Men wanted. Good pay. No experience required. Buick Motor Co. Flint Mich. Asking one of the men in the group, if he knew anything about that concern, he answered: "Oh yes. That is a G.M.C. plant. It's O.K." Remembering what my friend in Copenhagen had said, I walked inside, was hired and the next day was starting on my present 25 years service with the G.M.C.

Here in the quietness of the cabin, as the plane soared across the ocean, my thoughts ran back over these 25 years. This was one of several trips across, some of them accompanied with my family. A great thrill both for them at home, and also for us visiting. Surely something to be thankful for.

But that was only a small part of what my wages at G.M.C. had made possible.

It had made it possible for me to own a beautiful home, a home equipped with all those modern conveniences—that makes the work of a house-wife easy and pleasant. It had given the children a happy childhood in desirable surroundings. The hours on the job have always been short enough to give me plenty of time to indulge in hobbies. One of my hobbies is gardening. My wages enabled me to buy a couple of acres close to the city, where I planted all kinds of fruit trees, berries, grapes and flowers many, many enjoyable hours have been spent there by me and my family in the summertime. My other hobby is woodworking. The wages at G.M.C. allowed me to set up a completely equipped workshop in the basement of my home, many pleasant evenings have I passed here making toys, first with the children, until they grew up, and now with my grandson.

These are some of the things derived from wages. Surely many reasons to be thankful to one's job for. Besides there was always enough left over to own and keep up a car enabling me to take my family on many a short and many a long enjoyable trip around the country.

The opportunities of a G.M.C. employee to improve himself are also great.

Through attending the General Motor Institute Sparetime courses, I learned the tool and die trade. The work itself is interesting and challenging. When the job is completed satisfactory one can view it with a certain pride knowing that the way a die is made or repaired, that way the finished job will leave the plant.

I remember a day in Copenhagen shortly before I left, that I saw a great crowd of people had gathered on a street to admire a new Model Buick one of the first ones to arrive there since the war. As I heard the enthusiastic remarks of the people as they viewed the beauty of the car's lines it naturally gave me a great pleasure in knowing that my job was a part in creating that car—although only a small one.

Yet here was a car that could be owned by any G.M.C.

worker. In any European Country—even in the most prosperous ones, and elsewhere in world outside U.S.A. and Canada only a man of great means—can afford to buy such a car—or any car. For a workman like myself employed “over there”, it would be impossible, for after his living expences were met, there would be nothing left out of his wages for saving towards a car. Often when visitors have been guided through the plant here in Flint, I have heard them marvel over the huge presses stamping out parts, the precision of machines, the intricate system of conveyors and the speed and ease with which Automobiles are assembled on the final Assembly line, but the greatest wonder to me has always been, that a corporation whose products are leading in the industry, acclaimed by its world wide customers for its high standards and reasonable prices; that a corporation which out of its income must shoulder a great share of the national, state and local tax levy; that a corporation which always has been fair to its stockholders in giving them satisfactory returns on their savings; that a corporation, which has always when being asked, donated great sums to local charity; that a corporation which yearly spends large sums for research and expansion to the benefit for many people; that a corporation after doing all this, still can pay it's employees such wages, that even the one with the most insignificant job can feed and clothe his family well, own his home and car, acquire all those small things, which make life for him and his family just a little more easier, just a little more pleasant, and still save a little for “a rainy day”.

Surely you can be both grateful and proud of being employed by a corporation whose policy is to deal squarely with it's investors, it's customers, it's employees, the public and the communities in which it's plants are located. Yet it also gives you the knowledge that such a policy makes the corporation so firmly entrenched, that an employee can with confidence build his home and invest his savings in that community where the plant is located. You have a feeling of security knowing that

your job is there to stay, and that it is yours as long as you try to do what is right.

As the plane sped it's way across the water, my thoughts went back to the bomb destroyed cities of Europe that I had just left. Walking down the streets in those towns, looking with awe and horror at the terrifying destruction, the totalitarian Nations had wrought upon it's homes, factories, churches and schools and it's inhabitants, it gave me great satisfaction to know that the corporation you were employed by, through its immense war material Production had been a prominent factor in stopping this inhuman slaughter and destruction.

As the plane was nearing the shores of America my thought strayed towards home, in a few hours I would be with my loved ones, and next day "back on the job", among my fellow workers. I remembered their ever cheery bantering, when "things" were going right, but also—always a helping hand, a sympathetic understanding when "things" were the other way like sickness or the like. Many, many times in my 25 years of services have I seen fellow workers, foremen and "higher ups" "digging deep" and in other ways offering their unselfish service to someone in the plant, who had been especially hard hit by some hard luck incident. For although the corporation provides excellent first aid Stations, Hospital with the best equipment obtainable, fine nurses and doctors for its employees in case of an accident, and although the corporation offers its employees a fine Surgery, Hospital, Life and sickness Insurance plan which naturally is an important item to alleviate distress—it is that human interest and sympathetic handclasp of your fellow worker and supervisor which give you "the big lift" when most needed.

Certainly many reasons why I like my job. In conclusion I want to thank those responsible for giving me this opportunity to express myself in regard to how I feel towards my employment at G.M.C.

ANY TYPE of writing instrument was acceptable for MJC entries. Pens, pencils and typewriters were used.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Sarah A. Boyle

NEW DEPARTURE DIVISION

For eight years Mrs. Sarah A. Boyle, a widow with two children, has served in clerical positions with the New Departure Division in Bristol, Conn.

Her first job was that of a stenographer in a doctor's office. Though the work was pleasant she had to travel a great distance to the office. In order to spend more time with her children, she accepted a clerical position in the shipping department of the more conveniently-located New Departure plant.

Today her daughter, Clare Louise, is a medical laboratory technician at the St. Francis Hospital at Hartford, and her son, Terrence Francis, 19, graduates from Goodwin High School, New Britain, Conn., in the spring. Her winning letter reads:

MY JOB and Why I Like It is such an intimate reaction that I hesitate to try to express my sentiments. I do not want the telling to be about me but about the circumstances and doings that co-mingle in the making of my livelihood.

Nine years ago I gave up a position as a Stenographer to three Doctors in an out of town office to take a clerical position in New Departure Mfg. office in Bristol, Ct. I had recently become a widow and I made the change in order to be home

earlier in the day with my children. Realize if you will that the decision was a hard one to make because of leaving a most interesting field of work. I anticipated a very dull job doing routine office work.

It was my happy experience to be placed in the Shipping office of the world's largest Ball Bearing plant. Right along side of the shipping office is a long platform for loading freight cars which carry New Departure Ball Bearings to all parts of this country and for shipment abroad. Did you ever stand and wait for an ugly freight train to pass? Of course you did. Dull weren't they? But when they come right up to your office door to unload their precious steel they take on a more humane significance. You get to know the men who power them and guide them so expertly to their destination. Every box car has it's name—a certain personality—bringing thoughts of the places from which they came. Could you stand at the window and watch the cars go by with such names as the following and not get Wanderlust or Nostalgia? "Orange Blossom Special"—"Zepher"—"Nichel Plate Road"—"Dixieland—Route of Phoebe Snow"—"Pere Marquette".

Your train of thought sees the load of boxes not as so many thousands of Ball Bearings all sealed up and on their way, for as the freight gets up speed and pulls out you are still thinking of the very vital part these painstakingly made articles are taking in making this world a much more comfortable place to be in and that is how I first came to realize that shop work was part of the humanitarian effort too and was a contributing factor to well being and that I was not going to find the work dull.

I suppose looking back in retrospection is merely comparing the good old days with now but somehow or other while vacationing this summer and meandering down Fifth Ave. in New York City my thoughts kept mulling over the rows of brick and stone buildings. These same thoughts carried me back to the days of my childhood in Philadelphia and in New York City where my father and my uncles helped build brick homes

that still stand so sturdily today. These men built well—They did a good job and they made the foundations for the great trade unions of to-day. They contributed to a better America for those of their day and one of them worked on the Brooklyn Bridge one of the outstanding feats of that day.

Naturally there was a rebound to my thoughts—"Veterans Housing"! America was not living up to her traditions. No building! No more foundations for normal living! A negative element—boring like the cancer cells into the well-being of American life.

One cannot be gloomy for long on Fifth Avenue and I turned from my musing to gaze upon the river of traffic coming and going, and the future was apparent. An age of mechanical progress was before my eyes. Buses bearing G. M. TRUCK & COACH signs, CADILLACS, BUICKS, OLDSMOBILES, PONTIACS and CHEVROLETS, and I found myself thinking what a tremendous part General Motors was taking in the modernization of this century and what an important part our Tremendous Trifle the Ball Bearing had in all this. I was suddenly aware then long before the job contest was thought of that I like my job because I was honestly proud that I was a small part of that great effort which is constantly striving forward. It would be hard to find a job dull when you find its benefits all around you and know yourself to be even a small part of its accomplishment.

I visited the Freedom Train to-day and I thought of your pictures in G.M. Magazine of the Train of Tomorrow and it unobtrusively occurred to me that this morning I filed orders to Panama, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Manilla, Bombay, Melbourne, Wellington and Stockholm.

Yes those little New Departure Ball Bearings will take a lot of lift out of lifting as they roll along all over the world and with them goes a Good Will message from Americans whose coins still show "IN GOD WE TRUST".



Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan

James H. Bruce

NEW DEPARTURE DIVISION

Formerly a "two-mule" truck farmer at Jackson, Miss., James Harold Bruce left the South five years ago to become an employee of the New Departure Division at Bristol, Conn. He now operates a chucking machine that performs roughing operations.

Mr. Bruce, who is 31 years old, is married and the father of three-month-old James Riemer Bruce. His hobby is that same baby son.

In his prize-winning MJC letter below Mr. Bruce explains why he likes his job.

Dear Management,

I WANT TO TAKE this opportunity to thank you for your efforts in making General Motors such a pleasant company for which to work. I am ashamed of the fact that I haven't done this sooner, but I was afraid you might think I was just seeking favors. It's your concern for, and interest in, your employee, that makes up the most important reason, Why I Like My Job.

I am only a tiny cog in the huge mechanism that makes up General Motors, but have been employed by the New Departure Division for the past five years, and working with ball

bearings, I have learned to respect and admire small parts. Before New Departure, I was a two-mule farmer, scratching a meager living from the red clay, deep in the Mississippi Valley, and what with the boll weevils and Bilbo, I stayed as ragged as a can of kraut the year around.

Why I like my job, dates back from the minute I talked with the Personnel Manager, in August of 1942; because it was then that I first got a glimpse of General Motors' attitude toward its employees. The Personnel Manager quelled all my fears; and for a hick who has never been further from home than to town, and suddenly finds himself two thousand miles from home, you can well imagine they were numerous. His easy, confident, everything under control manner put me at ease right away. He seemed to know and solve my problems before I even spoke. He even secured for me a nice room with a nice family, and furnished my transportation there. This man certainly started me off on the right foot, restored my confidence and changed my tune, "Why Oh Why Did I Ever Leave "Mississippi""", to "Happy Days are Here Again".

If I was impressed with the personnel department, it was nothing compared to the impression of the first day at work. We were deep in the war with Japan and Germany at the time, but back in Mississippi you would never have known it; but here! Boy! Old N.D. made you realize it, and How! The first thing that caught my eye as I entered the building was a big picture poster. "The Spirit of '76"; signs hung from the flourescent lights, big red letters, "Never Say It Can't Be Done, We're Out to Win this War", "Keep 'Em Rolling N.D." and plenty more—made a fellow throw out his chest and eager to pitch right in. This place really had the old spirit. I was liking my job better by the minute. This plant was turning out parts that were vital and I was really doing something important for the first time in my life.

The very first week I started work, I received a magazine. The New Departure News it was titled, and a very interesting one too, even the first week, but it grew more and more inter-

esting with each new issue as I began finding myself. Soon after, I received another magazine, also for the taking, General Motors Folks, which was even more interesting than the first. These magazines, I was later to realize, were just another effort of management to fraternize all General Motors' employees into one big happy club, with team work, ideal cooperation and understanding between management and labor, and good fellowship as the three main objectives. Realizing this, I had a certain kindred feeling toward my fellow workers and began to look upon N.D. as a sort of Brotherhood. Someone who was really trying to be friendly and only asking that I meet it half way—Someone who, in spite of all the important problems confronting it, still had time to straighten me out with mine.

I was only a pledge. I was given three months to show that I was the right kind of guy. All they asked was that I qualify, and I was determined to do that. But Boy! The initiation was really rough. Being a green, greenhorn, "mule skinner from the South" (I was called just that) at that. Glory! The guys really layed it on thick. "Hey yo-all, Boy, fetch me that there saw dust grinder down yonder from the fo'man; Hey Rebel, who won the Civil War; lets hear you give out with the old Rebel Yell one time; Hey, Yo all ain't totin no watermelon now", in the best Southern drawl they could muster. But it was all good clean fun and after the first three months, my name appeared on the seniority list, the Company gave me my insurance, and I had made the grade; I was in. All the hazing ceased. The fellows accepted me as one of them. After the first year I received my pin—one year's service. I was one proud guy.

G. M. lacks nothing. It has all the characteristics that make up a good club, only more so. Boy, when G.M. sets out to entertain, you get an entertainment what am an entertainment. I found out right soon G.M. is as enthusiastic a host as it is an industry leader. The times I've had on those outings, I'll never forget. I enjoy them over just reminiscing about them. I like the attitude that G.M. has always had toward encouraging the employees to have a good time—even sponsoring the good

times. Yes Sir! I began having some genuine affection for my job and throwing out my chest a little, and more or less caressing the words when I referred to "my job" to the folks back home. That does sound a little like conceit, doesn't it? I do know that I was and am proud that at last I have a job that I can depend on; Something with a future for those with ambition, initiative and determination. I could now feel secure and confident, and the future had a much brighter outlook.

When G.M. was awarded the Army and Navy E for efficiency in the war effort, you didn't hog all the credit, but modestly gave the employees the credit and wanted us to share it with you. We received little badges with the Country colors and a big "E" on them. G.M. made it a big ceremony, with some of the top Army dignitaries speaking and hoisting the "E" flag over the Building. I know that every person present was proud of old G.M. that day, and prouder that they were a G.M. member. That ever prevailing attitude of loyalty to the employees, from management, was the first impression I received upon beginning work for G.M., and that has been made clearer to me each year. That attitude was expressed most strongly during this recent strike. G.M. kept up my insurances for me; turning the other cheek, even in strife, G.M. was still my friend.

I liked the wholehearted encouragement by management, of things that benefited my personal welfare. The Blue Cross, Group Insurance and Mutual Aid, to mention a few. G.M. not only encourages these things, but pays a large part of the expense so that I will be able to enjoy these benefits. This brought home with a jolt that it costs G.M. quite a bit to employ me, and much more to keep me informed, and make my job pleasant for me. G.M. is also strong for organizations that benefit the community—The Red Cross and Community Chest are two such organizations. I liked the concern you have for my safety, your posters: "Your Hands are more important to us than Machinery"; "Never reach into moving machinery"; and on every pay check there is always good sound ad-

vice concerning my safety. Everywhere on my job, thoughtfulness of management is portrayed; such as ice water the year around. (After one has carried water to the field in a jug, and drunk it after it has set in 104° shade, you sure know how to appreciate that.) I appreciate the saw dust you have at our disposal; the wide, solid wall of windows and the skylights make one feel as though he is working outside and still has the advantage of working indoors. My job was one big adventure to me. I learned something new about it every day, and think that I will never cease to learn something important about it. I thrill to the push of a lever that starts a big powerful machine in motion; to see razor-sharp steel tools approaching a rough piece of steel. It still awes me to see blue steel chips curling slowly off the tools, and to compare the finished product with the original. Man! Five years ago, I wouldn't have believed it. The tremendous satisfaction of laying a guage on my work and seeing it perfect to one ten thousandth of an inch. For a guy who has never done anything but gee-haw a stubborn, tough-mouthed mule, I wish I could tell you just how impressive that is to me. My machine is sensitive to my every touch. In fact, I've named one of my machines Hannah, in honor of one of my meanest mules. That's one way of getting back at that darn-fooled mule.

After four years on my job, I had realized more personal gain than any other time during my life—I could now fulfill the dream of every man's life: I could now think of getting married, and contributing something to this large community G.M. had played such a prominent part in building. I could now feel confident that I would be worthy of a wife, that our future would be secure—a good steady income, something that I could bank on. What a heavenly feeling that is. I lived on it for months. My future up till now had been so uncertain—Boll Weevils, floods, draughts, blights and low prices. No, I'm not trying to hand you a sob story, but if anyone could appreciate this smile lady luck was bestowing on me now, I certainly could. I did get married November 23, 1946. G.M. gave me

two weeks vacation for a honeymoon, and one weeks pay for a wedding gift. Do I like my job? How could I help it? We now have a little blue-eyed baby boy, and you can bet I certainly am planning big things for him.

That brings me to the present, and through these five years that attitude of loyalty and good faith from you has grown stronger each year. I am made conscious of it every day on the job and off. I just last week received my five year membership pin. As I read the dedication I was surprised at how deeply I was moved. The envelope read: "A token of appreciation", and inside with the pin was a card signed by Mr. Milton Gearing, my Division Manager, it read: To ——— ———— for 5 years of faithful and loyal service. I regard and wear my pin as a Fraternity Pin.

Our President, Mr. C. E. Wilson's Six Point Objective, brings out my point more clearly than anything I could say. It shows G.M.'s feeling for the worker from the first word to the last. He sums it up: more and better things for more people. But reading his Six Point Objective, one can see that he means his employees first. The fairness in which G.M. is conducting this contest shows your regard for your employees —The choosing of neutral judges and allowing languages other than English just so some of your workers can express themselves more clearly. Disregarding grammatical errors, spelling, and hand writing in the judging. Even your business policy of producing commodities for every class of people. Knowing G.M., I say that is concern for your employees first, and good business second. This sincere, loyal, attitude you have for your employees has certainly gained for G.M. the employees confidence, respect and loyalty, and should be a big factor in stamping out any negative forces that tend to destroy initiative and progress present in the G.M. Company. In closing, I would like to try to sum up what my job means to me and why I like it. G.M. has raised my standard of living well over 100%. All the personal gains I have enjoyed, I owe to my job. It is responsible for my self-respect, as well as the good will I

have from the community. I like my job because it measures up to the standards Mr. C. E. Wilson gives of a good job. I like my job because it liked me first. It likes me enough to appreciate me, and appreciates me enough to tell me about it, verbally, and in the many, many rewards I received from doing it. My wife is going to type this for me and she joins with me in saying, "Thank you management, for what you have done and are doing for us."

Respectfully yours,
A Grateful Employee

ONE MJC LETTER, written with a Braille typewriter, was submitted by a blind GM employe.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Frank L. Carlson

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Frank Leo Carlson went to work for the Buick Motor Division in the depression-dark days of 1933; and has stayed with Buick ever since.

Today Mr. Carlson is a die sinker in Buick's Plant 3 at Flint. He makes the dies which go on the large hammers that pound out such parts as crank shafts and cam shafts.

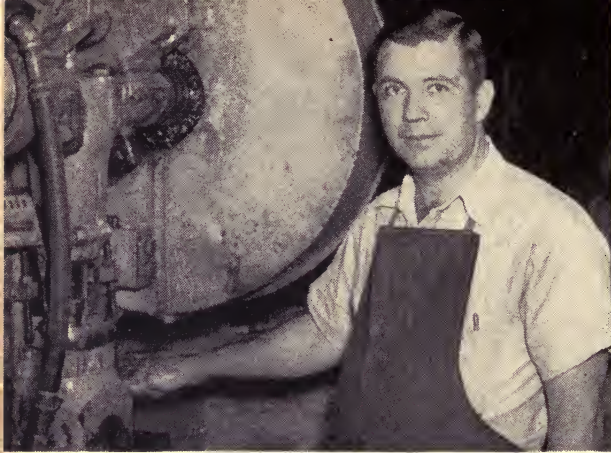
Born in Iowa, he graduated from high school just in time to get into World War I, serving with the armed forces. He is married and enjoys hunting, fishing and bowling. Mr. Carlson is another GM Suggestion Plan winner. His prize-winning letter follows:

TEN THOUSAND YEARS man struggled for progress, inventing simple tools and simple chemistry, thereby making himself comfort and protection, the thing that has driven man ever onward, but slow, under the tyranny and various unrelenting dictator form of governments, man has had to live under, so many thousands of years. Then came liberty with the Magna Charter, later the constitution and all the glorious freedoms we are taking for granted so lightly, among these the rights of man to own, build, invent without interference from the law.

So with liberty, progress speeds up. Mans burden of meeking out a living, becomes lighter with the thousands of home products he was able to manufacture, such as tools, cloth, soaps, and all things our great grandfather has told us of. Also the long hours in the fields and kitchens, making the things for a meager livelihood, took all of mans time, for production was by hand and slow. Man had not hours enough in his life to produce much more than just existance. "Production" making things faster, shortening the necessary hours of mans time to furnish him with more and better of everything was the answer, and came to pass with the liberty to consenstrate capital to build our magnificent factories, and make them produce under the free enterprise system. The results were marvelous. Production ever decreasing the hours of mans daily toil, increasing the abundance of things to make comfort, later the abundance of things for pleasure, mans fantastic dream coming true. Thanks to our pioneers, with vision, determination, and a will, our inheritance is great. "Pleasure", a new word to most men, coming to us because of the abundance of production from factories owned by the people, this Twentieth Century of Progress stepped up and constantly improved by us, who will be known in history simply as the thirties and forties, and who will also probably be considered quite dull to the new atomic age of the fifties and sixties.

Thankfully, here we are to my job and why I like it. Because it is a useful place to put my life. Because I am rewarded for the job I do, a wealth measured in comfort, convenience, far greater than that of anćient kings, and probably happier than present kings. The modern conveniences of my job, the healthful, wholesome atmosphere of happy associates I work with, makes each days work a building bee, where all neighbors pitch in to get ones work done, each in turn. The satisfaction daily, of a job well done. The supervision known as the boss, always making new production records, but not with the lash as on the backs of the pyramid slaves, but with technology, the system of inventing labor saving devices. Machines to take the

burden off mans back, making my job easier, more accurate and lessening the hours of necessary production. From our ancestors sun up till sun down, to our few, producing an abundance for all, with just the push of buttons on a few jobs and eventually just a button to push on all our jobs. My job offers pay equal, I have discovered, to a twenty thousand dollar investment, or a business profit without the hazard of failure and loss and less than half my hours of necessary attendance. There are a multitude of benefits by belonging to an industrial family such as insurance, medical care, helpful guidance in any crisis, even the salvage department, where employees can buy thousands of household repairs and articles. I like my job because I am permitted to work at it, because I choose to do so. There are no Pharoah slave-drivers with a whip over me, nor is there a communist soldier with rifle and fixed bayonet, walking post, up and down my department. There are no whipping posts for those who error, I can be excused by a simple apology. I have not the despair of a socialistic slave, I work not for a politician for food coupons, but for an industry for dollars. I like my job because it is a fierce but free enterprise, an incentive system, offering a brighter reward forever and ever, if we have the wisdom to keep our heritage of freedom guaranteed by a written document liberalizing the individual and restricting the politician, the constitution, a concept of government written into words that must be honored and protected jealously by all. I like my job because I have the dignity of a free man. Liberty has brought about industry, and industries has made this nation great, therefore I believe it is a sincere effort by General Motors to awaken its employees and others to their patriotic duty of nation and industry. If this "My Job Contest" helps us to compare all other peoples with our own free enterprise, we will see we are of the few people who may bargain singular or collectively. All we have, and all we hope to have, we owe to liberty and our "Job".



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

John P. Coakley

FISHER BODY-TERNSTEDT

John P. Coakley is a tool, die and machine setter in the Fisher Body-Ternstedt Plant at Trenton, N. J., where he was first hired in September, 1940, as a timekeeper. He is 32 years old and married. Before joining Fisher Body-Ternstedt he was a route salesman for a wholesale drug concern.

In April, 1942, Mr. Coakley was given a military leave of absence from Ternstedt. During his assignment with the Air Forces in African and Italian war theaters he achieved the rank of technical sergeant and served as an Air Force supply warehouse supervisor at overseas stations of the A.T.C.

Mr. Coakley's travels during the war have satisfied, at least for the time being, his desire to go places and see things. He's happy to stay at home in Roebing (his wife's home town) and work around the house which he purchased last April. Prior to the war Mr. Coakley held a private pilot's license and flew small airplanes in his spare time. He's interested in golf and he and his wife also take pride in a garden. She raises flowers; he grows tomatoes.

Here is what he said in his MJC letter:

INTO EVERY MAN'S LIFE there comes a time, perhaps only a fleeting moment, when he sees clearly before him a real and true picture of what he expects from life; a definite understand-

ing of the goal he must set for himself if he is to attain full and complete happiness in this life. To some, this vision of their future goes unheeded—perhaps unrecognized. To others it comes too late in life to be of much value; they only realize what they should have done. To any young man who sees and recognizes it, it becomes his greatest boon, his most treasured possession. For as long as he can see this goal, no matter how distant, it will add zest to his life, lend purpose to his work and permit him to meet each day with a smile, secure in the belief that each day brings him nearer that goal. Such a moment and such an understanding came to me near the close of the last war.

After travelling about the world with the U. S. Air Corps for four long years, jumping from town to town, from station to station, from country to country and finally from airstrip to airstrip, the desire to settle down after the war to a really secure job and a home of my own, became almost an obsession with me. Upon my discharge, I was called upon to make a very vital decision about my future. How can I obtain security? Should I strike out into a new field, where prospects always seem brighter, or should I return to my former position with General Motors? After carefully considering all the factors involved, I finally decided to stick it out with G. M. and I couldn't have made a happier choice!

For security in life can be an elusive thing. It cannot be bought, nor bestowed, nor found nor won. It must be earned. And it must be earned slowly, through the years, in definite, precise stages as one would build a good strong home. It needs a good, firm foundation, as does a home and needs to be built upon and looked after steadily as you would add bricks and stone and mortar to a home until it is a completed actuality and is yours to have and enjoy, to own and take justifiable pride in. And my job with General Motors has given me just such a foundation.

In the last two years, since my discharge from the Army, it has been forcibly brought home to me that only an organiza-

tion the size of General Motors could provide me with that sense of security that is so necessary to my peace of mind and the complete happiness of my wife and family. I know that our local Fisher Body Plant will be in our town for a long, long time and can't help but feel that it is as much a part of my community as my home or my church or our Town Hall.

Indeed, it has been proven many times that our local management takes an active interest in community affairs and has the best interests and safety of it's employes at heart. Our plant officers and executives are perennial leaders in Community Chest, Red Cross and other worth-while charity programs. Such an interest lends strength to the conviction that although G. M. is a nation-wide organization, it's welfare is bound strongly to the welfare of it's thousands of small stockholders and employees. The local merchants and tradesmen are more than potential customers of G. M. As often as not they are stockholders and part owners of this corporation, and the realization that my own community is a cross-section of the entire nation makes me feel that my place of employment has it's very roots in this nation and I will be able to continue to do my small part in making better things for Americans, as long as there are Americans.

When a man is making a modest living and trying to raise a family on a modest budget, one of the constant threats to his security is illness to himself or a member of his family that either cuts off his income or faces him with staggering hospital and doctor bills. General Motors has realized this problem and almost completely wiped out this threat by providing, not only a complete hospital and medical staff on its' own premises, but also made available to its' employes a low-cost Hospitalization Plan and a Group Life Insurance program that protects every member of my family from the worry of sudden, budget-busting illnesses or unexpected accidents. Apparently this organization realizes that a contented, worry-free employe is a good employe and takes measures to insure that this secure feeling is possible among all it's members.

Add to these things the fact that my own particular job of Tool Die and Machine Setter is of a constructive, educational nature, in pleasant surroundings, amid fine, honest people who find that their race, creed or color are not a bar to their success and the fact that the company has trained me in a well paid, semi-skilled job that promises me a good livelihood in the years to come and has provided me with the knowledge that all I need do to get ahead is to be honest, reliable and perform my duties in the manner in which they have trained me.

These, then, are the reasons why I like my job and my observations in Europe have convinced me that only in a free country, where free enterprise is permitted to flourish can an organization offer this much security and provide such a definite feeling of well being among its' employes. I'm happy that I live in such a country and am a member of such an organization.

EMPLOYEES who wished to use some other language than English in their MJC letters were invited to do so. These entries were translated before going to the Board of Judges.



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Chester B. Danfelser

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

Chester B. Danfelser, 44, has been a production operator in the Electro-Motive Division for almost six years. He works in the transmission division, where the generators and traction motors are made for GM Diesel locomotives. The vertical milling machine he runs machines pads on traction motor frames. On February 2, 1942, he was hired to file burrs in the same department. Since then he has worked on a variety of machine operations.

Mr. Danfelser is a native of Chicago. With his wife and two children he lives in suburban Elmhurst. His husky son, Bruce, 18, is a freshman at Northern Illinois State Teachers College, where he plays football and is on the track team. His daughter, Nancy, 12, attends junior high school.

Mr. Danfelser received his grade school education at Portage Park public school and completed two years at Carl Schurz High School, Chicago. His hobby is reading.

Here is what he said in his letter:

SAGA OF A VERTICAL MILL—I'M A BIG SON OF A GUN. I weigh fifty tons or more and I'm as complicated and accurate a piece of machinery as you ever would want to see. My operator and I have been together since the first day I came into the shop. As far as we know there is only one other machine

like myself in the entire country which makes us rather exclusive in machine shop society. My operator, I'll call him Dan for short, has been with the firm about six years. He came in without a bit of experience and started as a burr hand. He worked hard, and as he started to get a bit of "know how" he was promoted to an automatic saw. His pay went up, with the promotion, and it was about then that the urge to do his job better than the next guy hit him.

Things started popping and he received one promotion after the other, and with each promotion came a raise in pay. By this time he had been appointed to the volunteer fire department, where he also was taught many things new to him and which helped him a lot at home as well as in the shop. In due time he was honored and pleased to be appointed leader of his squad.

We used to do a lot of thinking together, and we would watch some of the fellows who were looking for something for nothing come and go. We would think what chumps they were for not pitching in and putting their shoulder to the wheel. At lunch time all the boys in my vicinity would gather round me and "punch the bag" during their lunch period. We set more than one fellow on the right track and to be truthful we did a bit of griping ourselves. But after thinking it over we figured we weren't so bad off after all. We were never stepped on if we didn't have it coming, and we always received our fair share of the breaks. Dan's pay was good, the hours to our liking, and we made a swell team. To this day we still get a big kick out of watching a Streamliner purr by and feel a glow inside while we listen to her traction motors pull her over the rails. It has always been funny to us to watch the people turn away from a steam train to avoid the smoke and cinders and then to see their faces stay fixed on a gleaming Streamliner as it went by.

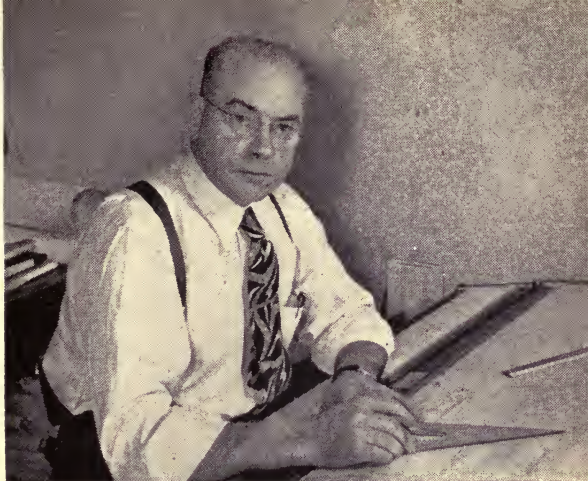
Do you wonder now why Dan likes his job, the machine he operates, and the swell gang he works with? Each man is dependent upon the other for his work, they all work in harmony,

and woe unto him that lets his fellow worker down. They have all learned to pull together with faith in their country, understanding towards their superiors, and a grateful attitude to the company that employs them and makes it possible for guys like Dan to put a son in College, a daughter in Junior High School, and provide a comfortable abode for all his family. All these opportunities were given to a former burrhand that wanted to get ahead. The same opportunity is there for others who apply themselves.

I repeat, I'm a big son of a gun. I weigh fifty tons or more. I can't get around like Dan, but I pass on to you what he has confided in me. Try and not like a job like Dans! I dare you!

SEVERAL DOZEN MJC letters were received in foreign languages and translated. One letter was in Arabic.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Hugh P. Davies

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

Hugh P. Davies, 46, has a record of 17 years' service with GMC Truck and Coach Division. He started with GMC Truck & Coach on February 19, 1930, as an assembler. Successively he became a riveter and a frame layout man. In 1939 he was transferred to the engineering department as draftsman. Later he was promoted to junior layout man, layout man and senior layout man, his present classification.

Mr. Davies was born in Wales. When World War I broke out, he enlisted in a Welsh Regiment. A year later he was honorably discharged; his officers discovered he was only 15 years old. He came to Canada when he was 19.

His wife and three children, Hugh, Jr., 12, Doreen, 16, and Gwyn, 18, are his main interests. As with many Welshmen, his outstanding hobby is singing. His daughter, Doreen, usually accompanies him. Mr. Davies is also an amateur artist in water colors, inks and crayons.

Here is what he wrote for MJC:

IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT to tell you about my job and why I like it. From the first day that I became a part of Truck Special Equipment Engineering I have talked about My Job to friends, relatives and to the other men in the Department—

discussed it at length with my wife and even with the children when they showed interest in how their father made the money that runs the home. You see in the first place, when I landed my present job with all its possibilities it was a vast improvement over anything that I'd held before. Couple this with the fact that I had proven personally that I worked for an organization that will give a man a chance for betterment—even to transferring him from an hourly rate job 'out on the floor' to the position of draftsman with the green light ahead and you have as good a place as any to start counting your blessings. I went to work at the plant in Feb. 1930—so that we could eat—you may remember that year too, and the next few. They put me building wheels, then on the drill presses—on the riveting hammer, up through the welding machines to the layout bucks and that seemed to be the end of that trail. The boss looked pretty healthy and any way there were a few of the boys with more seniority than I even if he did make a change. Well that added up to 10 years of good practical experience in the Frame Dep't. Then the transfer was negotiated. At first a raw detailer among a group of smart experienced engineers who always gave me of their knowledge, just for the asking, and now I am in a position to help, in turn, the new man coming in, and I can realize the kick those men got out of doing just that. Sometimes over a week end I find myself looking back, reviewing the progress made, events of the preceding days, and so on, and my thoughts may run along the following lines. Walking into the familiar drafting room in the morning with a sense of belonging. Greeting the men you have grown to understand even to sharing their graver problems and knowing their joys. The painstaking care and pride that goes into a goodlooking chassis layout. The digging for detail and specifications (all a part of the whole). The smooth system that seemed so complicated at first and now works like a charm when you've learned how to use it. Checking the detail drawings so they don't bounce back (could I make that piece myself from the information on the drawing?). Writing the bill of material so well, that they could

build the truck without the print—almost (a fascinating document).

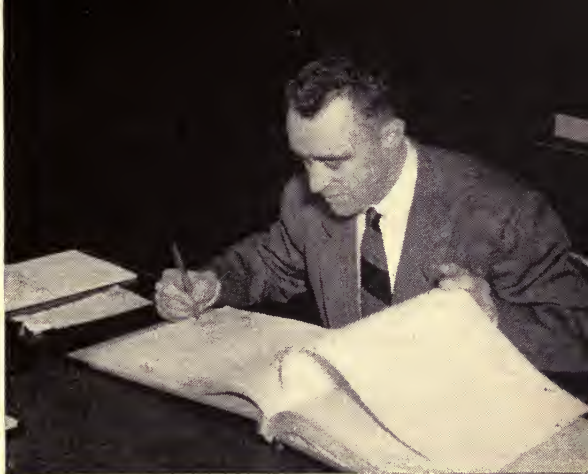
Your truck coming up the assembly line—looks O.K.—just like on the paper—there's good stuff in that baby, well built, you ought to know. Each year more background, always a lot to learn, changing models, never a chance of getting in a rut. The guys out on the floor. You don't know them all any more. But a lot of the old boys are still there. Good mechanics most of them, know their stuff. Too bad the whole world doesn't work together as good as the truck plant—oh we have our differences, but we don't want to shoot each other. All kinds of nationalities there too. Sure got a break when I got off the floor and into engineering, things seemed to change almost right away. Lets see, it's almost nine years now. The first year was really tough, but I loved it. The boss was O.K. too. The more I ate it up the more he loaded me down and the more he loaded me down the more I gloried in coming up with it. He was having fun too. That was the year we went on our first vacation since we were married. You can do things when you know what each pay check is going to be, budgets and things like that. We went way up to Spokane. For ten years my wives folks hadn't seen her and three grandchildren to show them, and me with an engineer's job to tell them about. And did I tell them! Looking back now I bet they thought I was truck happy, and I was. And you are Mr. D— — papa of all post war 6 wheel models. They all come off your board, well, well, feels good eh?

That time the boss said 'I'll bet you never thought, when you first came in here, you'd be making a layout like that'. Neat trick he has there of paying a guy a compliment without using too much Schmaltz. Yes this job of mine has opened up an entirely new world to me and (which is just as important) to my wife, because any man is no bigger than his wife knows him to be. Our three children were not old enough to remember 1930 and the next few years, so, here they are today—poised, healthy, vibrant, and with that wonderful sense of

security which all children need so much and which so many in every generation yearn for in vain. Lets see now how we stack up here at home. Never did hope to be carrying all that life insurance. Why I'd be worth more—but lets not be morbid. Everybody covered for hospital and surgical—there I go again. Vacation with the check in advance—thats better. Nice home in the heart of the Lake District—that brings up another thought—I never go off half cocked any more when I'm building something around here. Instead of being just a guy with a good eye and a knack for making things I lay it out now—put it on the paper first—never would have tackled this new addition on the house in the old days. Employes retirement plan—sounds restful—guess we always will be building trucks, if G.M. dont who will. Our roots have run deep in the past nine years—life is good. When a job does this for a man he isn't too far from his right vocation. No, it hasn't been too difficult a subject to write about. It was a pleasure.

MORE THAN 58 percent of eligible GM employes entered the "My Job and Why I Like It" Contest.

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



Gilbert C. Donovan

GM OVERSEAS OPERATIONS DIVISION

Gilbert C. Donovan, 27, was employed by the Overseas Operations Division as a sales department correspondent early in 1947, after his release from the U. S. Marine Corps. He entered the Marine Corps shortly after graduating from Syracuse University in 1941.

While in college, he was runner-up for the middleweight inter-collegiate boxing title. He is an active bowler, golfer and ice-skater. Mr. Donovan, unmarried, is now attending classes at the Brooklyn Law School. His winning letter follows:

“**B**UENOS DIAS!” “BON MATIN!” “GUTEN MORGEN!” “Πό
δροε γτρο” —And another fascinating day has begun in the
Foreign Distributor’s Division of General Motors of which I
like to think myself an integral part. —But, lest I get ahead of
myself, perhaps it would be best if I asked you to sit with me,
at my desk, and enjoy a day at FDD:

My job: I am a Sales Correspondent in the Sales Dep’t of the
Foreign Distributor’s Division. It is my responsibility to han-
dle all details relative to shipment of the many different type
cars and trucks of General Motors manufacture, to appointed
distributors throughout Central America, the colorful islands

of the Netherlands West Indies and the countries along the western coast of South America. I must know the requirements of each of the distributors in these countries in order that I may capably answer such questions as these:

"Does Mr. X. in Guatemala City need more trucks of the 6400 series?"

"Can the roads of the Colombian interior support the hard-pulling heavier GMC models?"

"What are the tariff notes on unboxed jobs going into Ecuador?"

"Has the Controls Board in Bolivia sanctioned the new regulations on dollar exchange?"

All these and many more are the questions which I must answer correctly during the course of the day. "Excuse me, that is my phone ringing."

"What's that? Mr. Gutierrez of Costa Rica is expected next week?" Certainly we'll make the necessary reservations. It has been over a year since Mr. Gutierrez has visited us in New York. It will be most pleasant and instructive to speak with him again, to learn his needs and determine what future shipments should be made. Does he need Four-door jobs? How about that mechanic we sent to Hydra-matic school in Detroit?

Mr. Gutierrez prefers to converse in Spanish which will enable me to further perfect my conversational "español".

"Excuse me", yes, Al—Short-shipped, eh? Well can we get them on that ship clearing the eighth? Those jobs are urgently needed for work on the Pan-American Highway. OK, let's do it, fella. . . ."

Dr. Gomez of Medellin will be in shortly. He has ordered a car to use while he is on his trip as representative in the Colombian Legation at the United Nations. Of course we'll attend to the shipping details when he is ready to return to Colombia.

Yes, our distributor from Managua must be made to feel that our offices are to be as his "home away from home". I

know it sounds corny, that is, until you are two thousand miles from your native country and not too familiar with the customs and language of New York. —And so it goes. Never are two days alike. Each day complete with new faces, new ideas, new problems and new successes. This is my job.

Why I like it? I like my job because I am actively engaged in doing things which enable me to enjoy a feeling of accomplishment. For example, I have seen the backbreaking toil of the Chollos in the steaming forests of Riobamba. Is it not indeed gratifying then, to know that, that Dump Truck (Chevrolet), 161" Wheel-base, equipped with hydraulic hoist, which I shipped on the SS Gerda Don, will make their task more simple?

I know, as the land is cleared, the projected highway connecting Riobamba with the busy port of Guayaquil, will become more than a dream. With it will come improved transportation, better means of communication enlightenment and with it education resulting in an improved standard of living.

Yes, I like my job.

Conclusion: To do one's job happily and efficiently one must be qualified to do that job or have the ability to learn what is necessary to successfully handle his particular task.

I am young, personable and a college graduate. I have a linguistic ability and speak Spanish and German fluently. In college I was trained in the Latin-American Sequence, specializing in such courses as Commercial and Cultural Spanish, Exporting, Latin-American History and Geography, Commerce and Finance, coupled with the usual Business Administration courses ie: Business Law, Business English and Accounting.

I feel qualified to do my job efficiently. I am grateful to the General Motors Corporation for the opportunity to demonstrate this ability.

The question was asked me— "my job—and why I like it"—now gentlemen, may I ask you—If you were I, could you help but like it?



Winner of a
Buick
Model 51
Super
Four-Door Sedan

Calvin H. Dunlap

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION

In 1942, for the second time in his life, Calvin H. Dunlap came out of retirement. In that year he went to work as a draftsman-detainer at the Chevrolet-Bay City Plant and he has been employed there ever since. He is now 67 years old.

In 1900 Mr. Dunlap went to work for an automobile company. Three years later he became associated with Oldsmobile, then in Detroit. When Oldsmobile moved to Lansing, he joined another automobile manufacturer and later became assistant sales manager making many trips to Europe and Africa.

In 1916 he retired and moved to California. Then came World War I, and he went back into harness as a member of the committee on Education and Special Training, War Plans Division General Staff. He was sent to the University of Valparaiso at Valparaiso, Ind., where he supervised a transport training detachment.

When World War I ended, he went into the radio manufacturing business retiring again when the business was sold in 1927. He was content to indulge in his hobbies: fishing, hunting, golfing, photography, but when World War II broke out, he knew all able men were needed, so he joined Chevrolet-Bay City.

Mr. Dunlap's winning letter compares his present working conditions with those at the turn of the century.

To General Motors Corporation:

"MY JOB—and Why I Like It"

I AM A DRAFTSMAN in the Tool Design Department of this Division of the General Motors Corporation.

In such department we design the special tools, jigs, dies, fixtures and gauges required by the Production and Inspection Departments of this Division.

That, briefly, is the classification and nature of my JOB.

However—there is nothing brief about the reasons as to WHY I LIKE MY JOB; there is a multiplicity of them; so many in fact and which I shall expound at such length that perhaps this communication will never be read in its entirety.

Be that as it may, I will have had the very great personal satisfaction of putting into concrete form my impressions and thoughts concerning this matter.

In order to clarify a few of these many reasons I shall outline a bit of personal background.

When the Japs launched their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor I had been retired from active business participation some six or seven years—doing all the things for which one strives and to which one looks forward—golf, hunting, fishing, Florida in the Winter and my northern Michigan home in the Summer; in short, a life of ease, relaxation and enjoyment.

I was then nearly 62 years of age, much too old for any Military participation, but being healthy and active, with unimpaired faculties, I felt that I must contribute to the best of my ability in the National emergency.

As a young man, in the early 1900's, I had been employed as a draftsman by some of the leading automobile manufacturers, and what more logical, therefore, than that I should engage in that profession, and particularly so as there was a tremendous need for such craftsmen in the Nation's all-out conversion to War Production.

I, therefore, communicated with the employment division of General Motors Corporation, stating my age and past ex-

perience and was instructed to contact that Division of the Corporation where I am now employed.

I made such contact and was requested to submit Birth Certificate and letters of testimonial as to character and reputation. Apparently such data proved satisfactory as some two weeks later I was instructed to report in person for inspection and medical examination.

The "look-see" was satisfactory and being found "Sound in Wind and Limb", as the breeders say, I also passed Medical without any qualifications and then appeared before an interviewing assembly of all the higher executives of this Division of the Corporation.

As to why of this I do not know for I have since learned from my present associates that none of them were accorded a similar interview, but I have a lively suspicion that being aware of my age, said executives were motivated by a feeling of curiosity as to whether or not I was liable to "fall apart at the seams".

Evidently I again passed for at the termination of this interview I was assigned to this Tool Design Department, instructed to secure my Social Security card and to report for active duty immediately thereafter and here I continue at this writing.

This return to Factory and Production activities has been to me a revelation indeed and has impressed me profoundly.

Back near the turn of the century, a time to which we glibly refer as "The Good Old Days", at the period of my employment by the ————— Co., I conceived a desire to reinforce my theory with practical knowledge and secured a transfer to the Production Department in consequence.

There I built and tested engines, transmissions, steering gears, rear axles; in short, all of the essential assemblies of a motor car and finally progressed in my course of practical application to Road Tester, it being the practice in those days to give every car a running-in and tuning-up session on the public highways before passing it on to the Finishing Department.

At that time the then newly built ——— Plant in ———

was recognized as a model and the last word in factory design and construction and the product was accorded National, and indeed Inter-National acclaim for the quality and precision of its construction.

But, Oh: what a difference between that, and the Plant and Product of this Division of the General Motors Corporation.

The then "Model Factory" was inadequately lighted in many areas with windows unwashed from one season to the next. It was not comfortably heated in the winter; the floors were dirty and the machine tools were unkept. Even the workmen were frowsy, unshaven and with overalls so shiny and stiff with grease, oil and dirt that the "proud" owner thereof could lean them against the bench when the quitting whistle sounded, secure in the knowledge that they would be leaning right there the next morning for him to step into.

Also—the hours were long and the remuneration was "short".

And the "Precision Parts!"

They were supplied to the Assembly benches by a stock delivery man who would arrive with a wheelbarrow load and say "where in H--- shall I dump this junk?"

The Assembler would show where "X marked the spot" and over would go the load with a jingle and crash receiving nicks, scratches and dents ad infinitum.

And as for the so called "Precision." Parts which would not pass inspection at even the first rough machining here at this Division of General Motors, were accepted as being within the limits of suitable accuracy.

Oh Sure! We put them together. If a shaft was too undersize for a smooth fit, free from shake in its bearing, we could always raise a few "high" spots with a center punch or a cape chisel and conversely; well! a squirt can of light oil and a raw hide hammer was standard equipment on every assembly bench.

That was a "flash back" to things that were in "The Good Old Days".

Now let us leave the grimy, dingy Past and take a look at the clean and shining Present.

I find here in this Division of the General Motors Corporation a plant that is light; that is airy; that is clean.

Nearly 50% of the wall area is glass; not dirty, grimy, dingy glass, but glass that is kept clean by a crew of workmen whose exclusive duty is to keep it that way. When they have washed all the windows from one end of the factory to the other end they start all over and—wash them again. These windows are hinged and can be opened as occasion requires.

As a result such windows, although placed high in the walls to eliminate distracting views of external goings on, do let in a flood of God's sunlight and a sight of the Heavens from which it emanates.

For those days when overcast renders the sunlight inadequate, and for the carrying on of night time activities, there is a flood of restful, all prevading Flurosent light—dark areas and black-out corners just don't exist.

Lusterless white painting of walls, ceilings and columns further enhances illumination and reduces eye strain and fatigue to a minimum.

The ceilings are high and there are no obstructing interior walls—in short, the Factory is (to use a paradox) an open, enclosed shell from end to end and side to side.

This, together with the open windows, provides a natural air conditioning during the warm seasons and permits of an even all prevading distribution of heat in the winter.

During those seasons of the year when it is necessary that windows be kept closed, rotary roof ventilators dispell into the outer air any smoke and noxious odors which may emanate from Production operations, and at Grinders and other sources of hygiene hazard masks connected to powerful suction conduits whip away and deposit in receptacles outside of the Factory every trace of abrasive particles thus eliminating this vicious source of respiratory irritation and silicosis so prevalent in the "Good Old Days".

And particularly outstanding among these many vast differences over the old days is the matter of cleanliness.

A crew of sweepers is constantly at work thruout the Factory: The regular use of electrically operated, mobile scrubbing machines keep the floors free of any accumulation of grease or oil and the machine tools are not encrusted with filthy and unsightly coatings of sludge and dirt.

Because of the Wolfing Adam did in the Garden of Eden, Man must "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" and he is fortunate indeed if he is earning it in this clean, airy factory for here the sweat of his brow as it drips from his chin does not leave greasy, grimy splotches.

All machine tools are powered by individual electric motors thus entirely eliminating the cumbersome and costly overhead line shafting with its accompanying endless array of hideous, noisy, slapping and hazardous belting which so characterized the factories of the Good Old Days.

In all truth it can be said that, this handsome, well designed Factory, with its great quantity and exceptionally high quality of product, staffed by an executive personnel outstanding for its trained efficiency and breadth of understanding of, and respect for, human relations, is a credit indeed to the General Motors Corporation as a whole, and to the attractive little city where it is located.

And all of these wonderful developments and improvements in working conditions and manufacturing procedure have had their inevitable effect on the workman himself.

He no longer waits for Saturday night to shave and bathe with an ever increasing accumulation thruout the balance of the week of "5 o'clock shadow" and "B. O.".

Instead, he arrived on the Job every morning clean shaven, neatly attired and usually in his own car which he parks for the day in the space provided for that purpose by the Corporation.

If his duties are such as to make probable the soiling of his garments he changes into suitable work clothes in the spacious room also provided for that purpose.

If he is employed on the normal day shift his day's work is

finished at 3:30 P.M., and the balance of the day is his own to do with as fancy dictates—in the summer his lawn or garden or a game of golf, or he can load his family into the car and take off for an evening picnic at some cool beach or wayside park.

In the winter he can devote enjoyable and profitable hours to ice fishing.

If I seem to have digressed it is not that I have lost sight of the original theme, but that I am recounting as they occur to me various of the reasons as to—Why I Like My Job.

There is the inestimable physical safeguard and mental equanimity of having a competent medical man and an efficient corps of nurses ready at all times to render instant aid and relief to any injury or illness which may arise during the work day.

In the Good Old Days I have seen a workman with a grievously mangled hand sit for hours in the time office, blood slowly dripping from his fingers and awaiting the arrival of the "Company Doctor" who was in reality a practicing physician, who in case of emergency had to be located on his round of calls by telephone.

In those days any incision of the skin, or puncture, if it was not too deep, had a chew of tobacco plastered on it, held in place by a strip of cloth, usually torn from a dirty wiping rag: One hoped for the best but in many instances learned some days later that the treatment had been inadequate.

The ultimate result was usually painful, frequently costly and occasionally fatal.

Now the workman is urged to have immediate first aid attention to the slightest scratch.

In a well appointed dispensary and by a skilled attendant, the wound is sterilized, treated with an application of sulfa powder and protected with a bandage of sterile gauze.

I am not unmindful of the paid vacations and paid major holidays which the General Motors Corporation accords its hourly rated employees.

In the Good Old Days if a factory wage earner had breathed even a thought of such a concession, the Management would have branded him as a Socialist and dispensed with his services with such celerity and dispatch that he would have scarcely had time to collect any wages due him.

Back in those days the wage earner did not have the very great advantage of material reductions in premium for insurance against medical, surgical and death hazards and which reductions we now enjoy, thanks to the General Motors Corporation's Group Insurance plan.

Now, thanks to such cooperative efforts we can, at a minimum monthly cost, insure ourselves and our immediate families against the exigencies arising from illness or accident and can assure our dependents of a substantial and immediate cash payment in the event of the demise of the wage earner.

During the War, and continuing to the present writing, we employees of General Motors Corporation had, and still have, the advantage of the Corporation Wage Deduction Plan to apply on the purchase of Federal War Bonds.

This deduction of a pre-determined sum from the weekly wage has enabled many of us to accumulate, without restriction or privation, a back-log of gilt edge securities which is an additional safeguard against the possible future needs of ourselves and our dependents.

In the Good Old Days, the production worker or "wage Slave" was but a number on the time clock, a nonentity, known only to his immediate supervisor and unrecognized by the higher executives. Here many of the thousands of workers are known and greeted by name by the Chief Executive as he passes thru the factory.

This imbues the worker with a sense of loyalty and pride in being a member of such an organization; he feels that his dignity as a human being is recognized and that his ability and efforts are appreciated.

This mutual feeling of respect and good will prevails throughout this Division of the Corporation—between worker and

worker; between worker and supervisor, and all the way up thru the executive personnel to the top.

It manifests itself in get-to-gether social activities—golf, fishing, bowling—by groups from different departments.

It inspires every individual to do his job to the best of his ability; in short, it has developed a *Esprit de Corps* which is fully attested by the very great quantity and exceptionally high quality of this Division's product.

While I can speak authoritatively as to this spirit of mutual confidence and good will for only this Division of the General Motors Corporation where I am employed, I am confident that, because of the respect for, and fair treatment of the individual which seems to be a managerial policy throughout the General Motors Corporation, such spirit prevails in every other Division of the organization.

There are many other reasons as to *Why I Like My Job*, but I have already covered the matter at great length, my sole, and I believe adequate excuse for so doing being the profound impression made upon me by this return to *Factory Activity*; indeed this communication might well be captioned "*Echoes from the Past*" or "*The Voice of Experience*".

My situation has been exceptional: To but relatively few is given the opportunity, for an on the spot view, from early to late in life, of the phenomenal advancement in factory procedure and managerial know-how.

Not even the workman who has been a factory employee constantly, from young manhood to old age, can see the picture—the changes have been so gradual that he has lost perspective.

I have been a manufacturer in by gone years with hundreds of men and women in my employ and I have a firm conviction that, as a result of my observations and experiences here in this Division of the General Motors Corporation during the past several years, I could be a very much better one, were I to engage in that activity in the future.

My story as to "*WHY I LIKE MY JOB*" is told.

World War II is over and in the comparatively near future I shall be leaving to resume my placid, restful life in the great open spaces.

When I leave, I shall take with me a very great sense of satisfaction that, even at my age, I was able to contribute my bit in the great emergency and of pride in having been able to do so under the auspices of the General Motor Corporation, an organization famous thruout the civilized areas of the globe for the uncompromising fairness of its policies; the unparalleled quality and diversity of its product and the massive stability of its structure: A stability truly greater than the Rock of Gibraltar, for it is founded, not on the precept of War Among Nations, but in the grass roots of our Land—the hundreds of thousands of small stockholders who have had the sagacity and the faith to invest their meager savings in the Corporation thus attesting their confidence in the unshakable stability of this wonderful organization, and their trust in the integrity, ability and clarity of vision of the men whose never ceasing vigilance direct its Destiny.

I have seen the Rock of Gibraltar. I have viewed its exterior from every angle and have been half way to its top on the interior and I can state from personal observation that it is a rabbit's warren of tunnels, passages, store rooms and embrasures for artillery, so perhaps its strength is more in fancy than in fact.

The General Motors Corporation is not like that.

It is not weakened by attrition; there are no echoing corridors within its structure.

It is sound and whole from its base on the Cambrian granite of our Great and Glorious Nation to its topmost pinnacle whence flies the Flag of a Free People.

THAT'S WHY I LIKE MY JOB!

Sincerely and Respectfully yours

Contestant No. 57—3099.



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Harry W. Easley

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION

Harry W. Easley, 35, first went to work at the Chevrolet-Kansas City Plant in November, 1935. At the present time he is a supervisor's clerk. He is married and the father of two girls, aged five and 14.

Mr. Easley leads an active life. He is very active in Boy Scout work, likes to bowl and is quite a hunter. Just before Christmas all of his spare time was occupied in collecting damaged and discarded toys which he and his fellow-members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce repaired and distributed so that the poor and needy kids in Kansas City could have Merry Christmases. His MJC letter reads:

THE NIGHT I CAME HOME with the M.J.C. pamphlets, my wife looked them over and said, "Say, there's some swell prizes here, why don't you enter? You might even win a fog-light for the car we don't have."

"What would I write about?" was my query, "Its just a job, and I'd feel silly sending in a lot of hooey that would get tossed in the nearest wastebasket."

But my wife is a persistent female and countered with, "What do you mean, its just a job? You must like it or you

wouldn't have kept going back to it after all the lay-offs, strikes and short-weeks you've put in since '35!"

"Oh, I suppose its the money," I answered wearily, hoping she'd drop the subject so I could fall on the couch for my usual before-dinner snooze.

"Money! My foot!" she snapped, "you made more money working for a defense plant, yet the minute you got your call to come back to Chevvy, you handed in your notice."

"Well," I hedged, still eyeing the couch, "I guess I'd gotten fed up driving thirty miles a day, then fiddling around ten hours trying to look busy. That place drove me nutty! The waste, inefficiency, and politicing!" I was warming up to the subject, remembering the war years I'd been released by G.M. to work for a defense plant. "Why, they had the most modern equipment in the world, and the sloppiest ways of using it. If they'd had a few real production men like we have at Chevvy, they could have put out twice the work at half the cost!"

"Oh, so you approve of your work methods at the plant? Then, isn't that and the convenience of getting to work, two good reasons for liking your job?" queried the wife.

"I suppose so," I answered, and thinking this had ended the matter, took a few tentative steps toward the sofa.

"Well, how about the job you quit when you first went to work at the plant in '35," she persisted, blasting my hopes again.

"Oh, that! Well, if getting a whole twelve bucks a week for sixty hours wasn't reason enough," I remarked sarcastically, "Then the fact that the boss's son-in-law got the promotion I was promised, should be your answer." By this time I had actually reached my goal, and was sitting on it tugging at my shoes.

"What's wrong with those two reasons?" hounded my wife, coming up closer. "You resented working over-time without pay and didn't like the idea of being bossed by a man who got your promised job by "pull". Is it that way at the plant?"

"You know dern well it isn't," I answered pointedly. "Did-

n't you just spend my over-time pay for that frizzled hair-do when I'd planned to stash it for a week-end fishing trip?"

My permanented frau patted her curls guiltily and hastily changed the subject.

"Well, how about this boss business? Did your foreman get his job because he married the boss's daughter, or was third cousin to the President's fourth wife?"

"You mean Jim?" I was incredulous at the thought, remembering Jims hands which still bore the look of an assembly worker's. "Hell, no! That guy got his the hard way; up from the line! Jims knows the ins and outs of assembly the way a mother knows her own child. He knows what every one of his men can do, and what their tools can do. He expects a good job, but doesn't ask for the impossible." This last was somewhat muffled as I was pulling a pillow under my head and propping my feet at the other end.

"Then you respect your foreman's knowledge of his job and like him as a person," my wife perservered. "Seems like thats a good reason to me."

"Yeah, yeah," I agreed, closing my eyes thinking she'd take the hint, but she just sat down by me and continued obstinately.

"Why didn't you keep the job with the metal company where you worked during the '46 strike? They paid you more money and offered you a better job if you'd stay."

My eyes still closed, I was picturing the lay-out of the metal company where I'd worked four months. The show windows which faced a busy street slopped over with a hodge-podge of junk and the exterior hadn't been painted in years. Inside, strips of rusty metal, odds and ends of equipment and obsolete machinery cluttered the greasy wooden floors. My mental picture of the men's room sent such a repulsive shudder through me, that my wife asked solicitiously,

"Are you thinking about the time you caught your hand in the roller-press?"

"No," I answered thoughtfully, "although I believe that

was one of the reasons I was glad to get back to Chevy. The fellow who'd had the same job before me, had mashed his hand in the same press, and I'd suggested putting a guard on it for safety. But that company wasn't interested in protecting their men; only in production. I got off lucky, but the other fellow lost his job as they didn't have any use for a man with stiff fingers."

"Well," went on my insistent better half, "are your safety precautions so lax, and what happens if a man gets injured?"

"Lax?" The idea brought me to a sitting position. "Of course they're not! Why we have one of the lowest accident rates of any company, large or small. Oh, I admit I've thought some of their rules a little silly, but they get the job done. As for the men who get messed up, in or out of the plant, G.M. still makes a place for them. You remember I told you about the young fellow who'd gotten some kind of back injury in the war? Well, when he was discharged, he couldn't handle his old job, so they put him on an easier one at the same pay-rate. And just the other day we had a fellow lose his arm in a car accident who'll be given a job when he's able to come back."

"Slow down!" laughed my wife, "I was just trying to wake you up—mentally! I know about your safety rules and what happens to G.M. workers who get hurt. I'll never forget the time you got knocked blotto because someone disobeyed a safety rule. The two days you spent in the hospital for observation, certainly made me appreciate your hospitalization and group insurance—and the hot-water bottle!"

The hot-water bottle remark was in reference to a private joke we have about the "old ladys" cold feet.

"But, continued this probing female, "you turned down the job your friend offered you, and it sounded like a good deal. I know you made some kind of remark about his starting his business during the war and you didn't think he could buck post-war competition, but was it just fear of his folding up that kept you from working for him?"

"That would have been enough," I answered, "but to be

honest, I wasn't too hot on working for a company that was putting out such poor products. Why, I wouldn't have put some of his stuff in my dog house."

"Would you buy a Chevvy if you had the lettuce?" asked my foolish wife?

"Are you kidding? Say, we had a slick buggy go down the line today that had more appeal than Betty Grable! Prettier than a dame and twice as dependable.

A high heel on my stockinged foot brought me back to earth.

"I'd say," said her 'I-told-you-so-voice', "That you've been too close to the forest to see the trees. You've named a dozen reasons why you like your job, but you've just taken the good points for granted so long, that you don't see them."

"OKay—so I do like my job," I agreed, "I'm still there, ain't I?" Now hows about cutting off the heckling so I can take a short nap?

"Not until you get that on paper," says my determined wife. "I want to be the gal who rides in that deluxe prize car or does the laundry in the new Frigidaire automatic laundry. And add this," she finished getting the last word as usual, "Where progress marches, General Motors leads the parade!"

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



William H. Farrier

MORaine PRODUCTS DIVISION

William H. Farrier, 34, is a General Motors veteran of 12 years. Not all of his time has been with the same division.

He first went to work for the Delco Products Division in September, 1935. The following year he was transferred, along with the brake job, to Delco Brake. As a result of a merger of the divisions in 1942 he became a member of the Moraine Products Division. Today he is a tool sharpener on the second shift.

Mr. Farrier is married and has a ten-year-old son, George Arnold.

He enjoys hunting, fishing and bowling. For the past four years he has won turkeys in the plant's annual turkey roll. Late this past summer he took up golf. He hopes to be good enough to take part in the plant golf league next year.

His letter on "My Job and Why I Like It" reads as follows:

TO REALLY EXPRESS why I like my Job, I guess I should go back to when I worked in a hospital, for there I began to wish that I could be a doctor, and on my Job by using a little imagination, I can still be a doctor, only I am a doctor of tool trouble.

When a machine is down, because of the tools and I can

make over the old tool, or make a new one that will start that machine working, than I have cured the patient. When I must remove just one tenth of a thousandth from a tool, it is just like a delicate brain operation of a doctor, for if the doctor fails the patient dies, and if I remove too much the tool dies in a sense, because it may become useless.

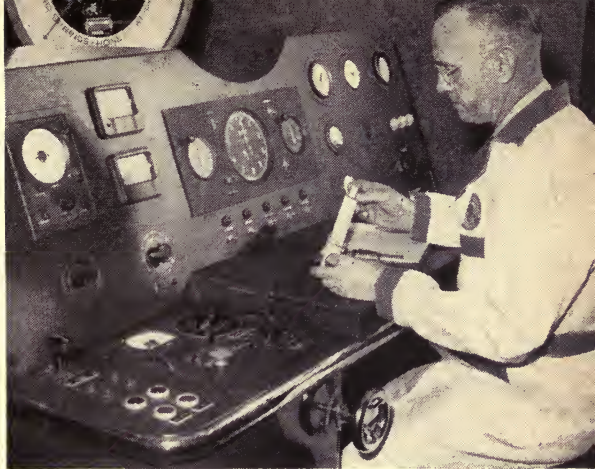
Often I am called upon to go out on the job because of the action of tools are causing trouble. Then I am the tool doctor diagnosing why, and trying to correct the condition, just as a doctor would do to a patient.

To me the factory could be a large hospital and every machine a potential patient. My job in tool grinding is the same as any doctor's would be in a hospital. The tool and die makers are the specialists and what hospital, has any greater research and financial backing than General Motors. Our factory and my job has access to everything General Motors' has.

I have been employed in this division for the past twelve years, and worked on many different jobs, but after I was placed in tool Grinding, five years ago I realized I had really gotten on the Job that I could be perfectly satisfied on, because right from the start, I took pride in creating and sharpening tools, using my imagination. I do believe that I am as happy as if I actually was a doctor.

THE OPENING CAMPAIGN featuring the unexplained initials "MJC" created much speculation in GM plants until it was revealed, two weeks later, that "MJC" meant My Job Contest.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



C. Wales Goodwin

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION

C. Wales Goodwin, 54, first went to work for the Buick Motor Division in 1919. He joined the division as a student apprentice in the engineering department. In 1925, after a year with another company, he returned to GM with Oakland as dynamometer operator in the engineering department. He has held this job ever since except during World War II when he worked as a foreman in the plant manufacturing aerial torpedos.

Mr. Goodwin was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and educated in the local schools, including the University of Chattanooga. He is married and is active as a church worker. His MJC letter is printed below:

Wait a minute, that is a question which I can't answer in one broad general statement.

You see I first started with the Buick Motor Division in December of 1919 when the late Cady Durham called an assistant into his office and said, "Take this young man to the motor plant and start him in as a student." Now, I had not been out of service very long following World War I, but I was full of energy and enthusiasm to find a job then, just as the returning World War II men are today. So it was with a gen-

uine thrill that I left Mr. Durham's office to start an association that continued for five interest-packed years. To me, it was my industrial kindergarten, as I was moved from plant to plant to learn the systematic series of operations in the production of an automobile. During this time Mr. Durham never lost track of me. He knew, of course, how I was rated by my foremen to whom I was assigned, but he would call me into his office from time to time to learn from me what I thought of my progress. I learned to esteem Mr. Durham as a man's man, for I went to him a total stranger and he took time to listen to my story and at all times showed kindness and an interest in me. I appreciated that and in the years that I have been with the organization, I have seen this same kind of personal interest shown by supervision time and time again.

I am happy and indeed feel fortunate in the time of my getting started with General Motors. Efficiency was in its infancy and so much of the know-how for which General Motors is now famous the world over has been accumulated since then. Management was just beginning to think in terms of conveyor systems; of integrated plant layouts, of improvements in production technics, and employer-employee relationships.

To appraise a job as being one monotonous routine wherein one performs the same operation over and over, day in and day out, neither receiving nor giving out mental stimuli to his fellow man is the regrettable outlook of a dullard who has eyes but does not observe. A job is so dynamic. Things can and do happen unbelievably fast in it. As an example, during the five years I was with Buick, I would do one kind of assembly today and something different tomorrow. I would meet new and interesting people today, and still more tomorrow. Soon I was conscious of being able to identify those who were from happy home atmospheres. They were always the harmonious ones, those who lent substance to the company's product. I observed young men hired into the plant who had functional ability and derived keen enjoyment from the knowledge that supervision also had observed this ability and moved them up.

Hardly a day passed that an idea wasn't submitted for doing the thing different and better. Came a time that I was conscious of a prevalent thought in my mind as each day closed, "What in heck will they do tomorrow?" Tomorrow always brought the answer—new ideas, new models, new machines, plant expansion, new faces; more ideas, more new models, more new machines, more plant expansion, more new faces. Always progress and improvement.

I saw the innovation of the employees' general investment plan and the sincere part that management played in giving the workmen an opportunity to share in company profits. Later I was an eye witness to the windfall that occurred to many General Motors folks.

I saw the mammoth plants of Buick closed. No one had a job. That was the depression of 1921. Remember? That was a job experience which I pray no one of this new generation will have to go through. Then I saw the spark of life rekindled and the job again set in motion. Ecstasy was rampant. That day I watched big strong men move in and around machines, back to their long unoccupied stations, feeling good all over, yelling friendly greetings to one another. These men had had a common experience—one that was terrifying, yet quite insignificant as compared to the one yet to come.

I had moved to the Oakland Motor Company long before the second depression had set in, taking up residence in the dynamometer laboratory of the experimental department. I say I took up residence and mentally that is what I did, because the work absorbed me so completely. It was so entirely different. Previously I had been working with assemblies that were fully developed for production. Now, I was engaged in the actual development of those assemblies. There were so many things to test, so many innovations incorporated to please the customer, so many opportunities for visual education, such as seeing how weak materials are strengthened, their life extended as their weights were lessened thru the application of metallurgy. So much to keep one's pulse vibrant. It has

never ceased to intrigue me. It isn't what I do alone at my work that keeps me stimulated with job interest. Its scope is much broader, embracing what the other fellow does with his hands, and his mind, the constructive influence he exerts on me and others.

In much the same element of time importance as I consider my early years with Buick, so 1925 is historically important to me as I arrived at the Oakland Motor in time to do much of the developmental testing on the first Pontiac engine which was so successful as later to change the company name from Oakland to Pontiac Motor Division, and to carry the name of Pontiac around the world.

I could write so much and indeed it is difficult not to, about the exciting refinements incorporated annually in our Pontiac car—refinements that were so meticulously tested and proven under the most capable leadership of Ben Anibal, one of the highest types of functional engineers in the automotive field.

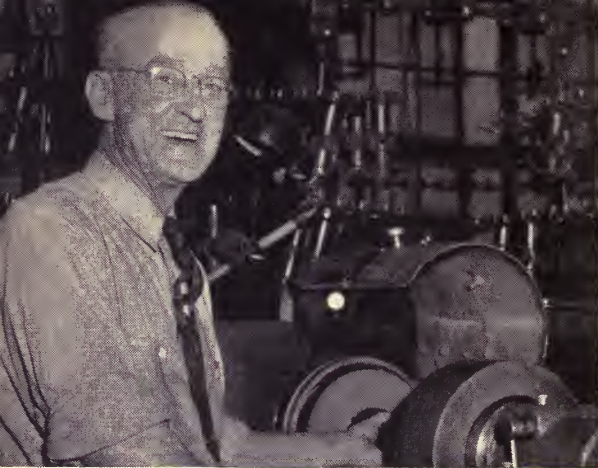
Since I first started with General Motors many mistakes have been made, but from them we have learned the right way. Mistakes are the stepping stones to social and industrial progress and capitalizing on them has made General Motors a strong, healthy member of our industrial world. We have placed some equipment high, later finding it more advantageous when placed low; we said women would not fit into industry, and they proved us wrong; we have learned to cover moving parts to guard against carelessness and we have found we can no longer ignore unsafe thinking. We no longer ignore the intelligence of the workman in "blue" but reward him now for the suggestions he is capable of contributing.

It has been most gratifying to watch the steady growth of General Motors. Back in 1919 we used to think of it as big, but in truth bigness exists only by comparison. If it is big today then it was small in 1919, and who knows that by 1975 ratings, it will appear but an adolescent today. This bigness that people speak of and many fear is highly desirable. It is the nucleus from which a city gets its integration. It makes possible the

market place, the street for its transportation, the home in which the outside world can visit via the radio, telephone, and reading. It provides the hospitals, the schools, the churches, water, electricity, gas, and sanitation. All these things hinge upon the size of industry. The larger industry becomes, the more functional it is in its operation and in like manner the more functional becomes the city in which it is located. One can't be had without the other. This is elementary and it is also elementary that a free enterprise system stimulated by healthy competition is the only mechanism that can successfully convert our abundant natural resources into use form and effect distribution for a standard of living unattainable in any other country.

A job which provides interesting work, steady employment with good pay and an opportunity for advance is the backbone of social contentment, the end product of which creates an active urge to promote neighborliness, whether it is in one's own community, or some other; one's own country, or some other.

Yes, I like my job because in my twenty-seven years with General Motors, I have not only seen marvelous mechanical progress, but I have also seen great humanitarian progress. I have seen old age benefits established, pension and retirement funds set up, group and hospital insurance set up, shorter working hours, higher wages, and vacations with pay for all employees. I like my job because I know that it, and millions like it give even a man in a low income bracket comforts, conveniences, and travel that even a wealthy man could not have a few decades ago. But above and beyond all else I like my job because I am a free man on it—a FREE AMERICAN WORKINGMAN, free to go as far as my ability will take me, free to own a part of the company I work for, and free to speak my mind. What a glorious heritage!



Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan

Vernon Halliday

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Is a quarter of a century a very long time? Vernon Halliday doesn't feel that it is, as he looks back. He's been at Buick Motor Division for that long—25 years—ever since he was first hired there back in 1922. He is now 61 years old.

At the present time he is operating an external grinding machine at the Buick plant in Flint. Some time ago he won an award for an idea which was accepted under the GM Suggestion Plan.

Mr. Halliday is married and has two sons, Vernon D. Halliday, 24, who also works at Buick, and James M. Halliday, 22. His hobbies, he says, are varied and include photography, music, woodworking and just plain driving around the country.

Following is Mr. Halliday's MJC letter which won him a new car with which he can indulge that latter hobby:

Dear Emmy,

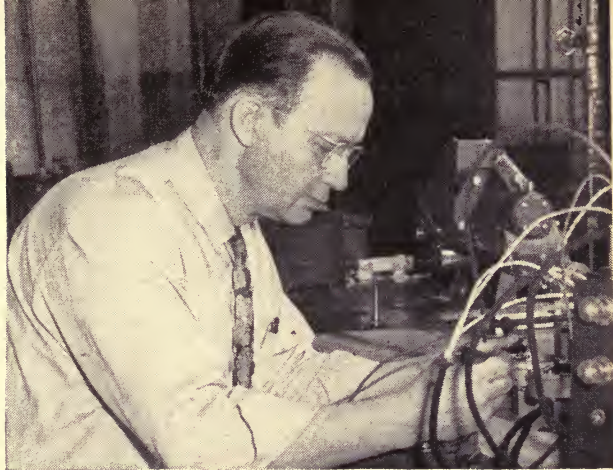
YOUR PA might just as well bellyachin'. I ain't quittin' my job at the Buick to be his hired man no more. Cause why? Cause I like this job. Don't fall for his malarky 'bout an inside job bein' bad. There's still plenty of sunshine when I gets thru my day. I don't have to be outdoors all day gettin' a turkey-red neck just to be healthy. Come cold weather, I won't be workin'

where I'll be gettin' frost on my punkin or gettin' caught in no cold drizzle rain an' all soggy wet. I'll be dry, an' comftable as if I wuz in your ma's kitchen, when she ain't bakin'. The light I work by comes outa long white tubes an' it is good as bright daylight. An' the air is fresh as your kid brother, almost. I gets paid every Friday, 'sted of gettin' stood up for my money like your pa done to me an' there ain't no sorrer 'bout this payin' bizness, either. The pay is good, too, 'ceptin' Uncle sam horns in for more'n eight dollars Inkome Tax every week, 'sides what he sticks me for when I ain't lookin'. Course I ain't pannin' gold what with board an' room costin' most twenty dollars a week with washin' an' mendin' throwd out. One thing for certin', I got the best tools to work with that's made. Course, I got to keep peckin' along on my job, but the company makes it easier peckin' by puttin' gadjits on my machines that yanks levers 'round, 'sted of me pullin' an' haulin' on 'em. I just push a button, and the gadjit does the yankin'. Naturally, I gets more work done cause I don't get so tired. Workin' with such good tools is like if you an' me was keepin house and I bought you a 'lectric range 'sted of that blast furnace you has to use at home for cookin', an' if I bought you one of them 'lectric gadjits what mixes batter an' beats most everything but the rug. Sure, you could cook more and bake more cake, not havin' to bake your face along with it an' your mashed 'taters would be puffier an' your cakes wouldn't have such big air-holes all thru 'em. That's what we call "Co-operatin' for more an' better products", here. If one of them gadjits gets outa whack, I just tells my foreman an' he'll bust his buttons gettin a repairman or 'lectrician to fix it so I can get buzzin' along again. If a belt on my machines busts, there'll be one just the right size waitin' for me at the crib like they knowed all along it was going whooeey. Funny thing, too, if I am able to suggest a way to do something better or easier, I can get paid for the idea. Tell that to your pa. 'Member when separatin' all that milk twice a day, aturnin' an' aturnin' on the crank, I suggests to your pa that he get a motor to do the turnin', an he just sez

wud that put any more butterfat in the milk? Course not, but it would leave more butterfat on the hired man to do other things needin' doin'. What I like here is the way they save my butterfat for useful work, 'stead of pushin' an' haulin' at things like your pa does. Makes me proud to belong to such a co-operatin' organizashun and proud, too, when I see them shiny new Buicks go whizzin' along, and know the owners won't never have no misery count of any bum work I done on 'em. Course, this is a whopper of a big organizashun. I have to judge the whole of it by the little I can see. Like that game I saw thru a knothole in the fence: only could see the outfielders but I could see 'em moving back or forward, or to the left or right, and I knew they wuz co-operatin' with the coach to get those batters out; an' I just had to believe the part of the team I couldn't see was co-operatin, too. When you come to think about it, this bizness of all working together is awful important, If people all over the world had co-operated, like its done at the Buick, your brother Bill would be home jokin' with your ma, 'sted of her ust havin' a pictur to look at, count of Iwo Jima; and your pa wouldn't need no hired help; and I could be savin' all that money I'm payin' out for Inkome Tax, to help buy that little home we has talked about, so much.

With love, an' hope you co-operate,

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Lawrence E. Hunt

DELCO-REMY DIVISION

When the My Job Contest was announced, Lawrence E. Hunt, a test engineer at Delco-Remy Division, looked around for an idea to begin his letter. One of the contest posters gave him just the "lead" he was looking for. The poster pictured a typical family sitting around a table composing a letter. That evening he gathered his son Donald, age 13, daughter Jeanne, age 11, and Mrs. Hunt around the dining room table and proceeded to write. The entire conversation was recorded, much like a one-act play.

The Hunt family is well-known at Delco-Remy. Mrs. Hunt worked there seven years. Mr. Hunt, a graduate of Wisconsin University, started there 20 years ago. He served as an inspector before transferring to the Delco-Remy engineering laboratories, where he has worked 18½ years without a single day of lost time except for minor illnesses.

The Hunts own their own home in Daleville, Ind., near Anderson. One of their hobbies is flower growing, and the Hunt gladiolas are admired by the entire community. Here is Mr. Hunt's MJC letter:

"MY JOB AND WHY I LIKE IT."

A One Act Play From Real Life

SCENE: The living room of the author's home.

TIME: One evening after dinner.

CHARACTERS: FATHER: An Engineering Laboratory employee of Delco-Remy Division for 20 years.

MOTHER: A former employee of Delco-Remy Division for 7 years.

DONALD: A son, age 13 and in the eighth grade.

JEANNE: A daughter, age 11 and in grade six.

The scene opens with the family group just completing a discussion on the poster "Get Your Family to THINK—WRITE—WIN"

DONALD: Well dad since its your job, suppose you tell us the main reason why you like it.

FATHER: They are all main reasons to me but to start the discussion I will say that it is—I'm doing something that I like to do. I like to experiment; to make things and to discover why things do or don't work. I have the privilege of working on products from the earliest stages of their development until they are a completed, advanced, service-packed product. When I see a General Motors car on the street or highway, I see a product that gave me a pleasant experience in helping build it and I am sure that its owner is deriving a greater pleasure in using it.

Almost as important as being able to do what I like to do is having a comfortable, convenient place in which to do this work along with having plenty of good tools, highest grade materials, and adequate equipment to work with. This keeps interest to a peak and makes possible greater undertakings with correspondingly greater accomplishments. This sort of an experience is an almost impossible thing in a small factory.

JEANNE: Are you working for the same General Motors that's up at Flint where Uncle Ben works?

FATHER: Yes.

JEANNE: Then General Motors must be awful big.

FATHER: It is, and that is one of the reasons why I like to work for it. Its importance and power in our national life

makes one proud as well as feel secure in being a part of it. When General Motors was founded, its leaders determined and laid plans to make the best automobiles possible and to sell them as cheaply as possible. Thousands of people all over the United States thought that that was a swell idea and were anxious to spend some of the money that they had saved to buy a share in such an enterprise. They had confidence in the leadership of the organization and believed that by using their money in this way it would make them more earnings than if used otherwise. Their faith has been justified and today thousands of General Motors employees have joined that group and own a share in the company for which they labor. With all of this money plus a profit on the products it sells, it has been able to undertake and accomplish many more things than these same people could have accomplished with their money used separately. Large sums of money have been spent on research for the sole purpose of discovering the "HOW" to make a better but buyable product for 'choosy' customers. Many new and modern buildings have been made necessary for the 'mechanical men' that produce our products in such large quantities. New and better machines have consistently made more jobs for more people. Its not only my confidence in my employer that makes my job secure but the total confidence that millions of people have in him.

DONALD: Do the people keep the same jobs all the time where you work?

FATHER: Some do and some don't. It depends largely upon the individual. A sincere effort is made throughout General Motors to find the place where each person can serve best and most efficiently and at the same time be content. Training classes are provided for large groups needing training in a given field. Individual training is not uncommon. I like the possibility offered each and every one of us to accomplish that for which we are best suited. Our

present General Manager is one who came all the way from the common sort of job to the highest in our Division. Many of our General Managers have gone on to higher positions in General Motors.

MOTHER: You haven't touched upon one point that I think has been very important in our lives.

JEANNE: What's that mother?

MOTHER: I am thinking about the time of my accident; of the almost two years I spent in the hospital; of the long days and nights of suffering; of the mounting surgical and hospital bills and of the wonderful Loyalty and Care shown by those with whom your father and I have worked. There were hundreds of 'get well' cards, dozens of books, gifts galore, visitors abundant and no end of flowers. Then as a final gesture, one fourth of our financial burden lifted. Working with friendly folks like that makes any job lighter and likable.

FATHER: Almost every day that same Loyalty and Care that you spoke of is showered upon someone to the extent of the need. Civic, community and national agencies of mercy all find our folks heavy contributors. The heart of a prosperous people is always generous.

Now! Shall we say 'those are the main reasons Why I Like My Job?'

MOTHER: You mean reasons why WE like your job!

CURTAIN

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



George G. Jackson

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION

George G. Jackson, 44, does general experimental work in the engineering department of the Cadillac Motor Car Division in Detroit. He joined Cadillac in 1944.

Craftsmanship is a tradition in Mr. Jackson's family. His father and grandfather were sculptors, and he found his talents best suited to modeling work in the engineering department.

Mr. Jackson's home, and the garage behind his house, also are products of his own labor. His MJC letter is reprinted below.

I AM EMPLOYED by the Cadillac Motor Car Division of General Motors Corporation in the capacity of wood model building and general experimental work.

When I first learned of the subject of this contest I realized immediately that I was exceptionally fortunate in having a job as interesting, absorbing and satisfying as I find mine and it is indeed a pleasure to tell about it and why I like it.

I am glad the rules state that I am not confined to one hundred words as I could no more tell about my job and why I like it with a hundred words than the builder could have built the Empire State Building with one hundred bricks.

The nature of my work is very diversified and that is one great reason why I like it. It includes building experimental

mockups of body designs under consideration by the engineers for future production car models; clay models; complete hand made full sized finished working models; building hammer forms; die models; and making plaster casts of die models.

I work with a considerable variety of machines, tools and materials.

The material I work with most is a hard select grade of Peruvian and Honduras mahogany. I use this in the construction of die models. Then I use hard white maple in the construction of hammer forms for the metal workers to hammer out experimental body parts on.

I use quantities of plaster. Every die model must have one or more plaster casts made of it for reference and for the forming of mouldings after the wood die model has been shipped to the Die Shop where it is used in a Keller profiling machine to form a duplicate shape in steel known as a die, which in its turn is used in the giant presses to press out of sheet steel the various body parts.

All die models are made to the inside of metal dimensions. When outside of metal dimensions are required a cast is made after an application of sheet wax equivalent to the thickness of metal has been applied to the die model.

The first cast of a die model is known as a female cast. A plaster duplicate of the die model made from the female cast is known as a male cast.

I often work with modeling clay. Clay has a vast range of usefulness in model work. The principle use being to make a model of a new body design the engineers are developing so they can study and visualize the real shapes and contours they are designing. When the clay has finally been worked down to the engineers' satisfaction, steel templates are made, lofts are drawn and checked with great accuracy to horizontal and vertical dimensions on metal sheets to preserve exact dimensions for all future reference. Then mahogany die models are made to the templates. In this way the clay model is duplicated in wood.

In the course of making the complete finished working model, I am called upon to fashion by hand parts made of plastic, rubber, brass, steel, aluminum and fabrics. This is my job and now I will tell you why I like it.

Since I started working for a living twenty-five years ago, I have worked for many bosses at many different jobs in England, Canada, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles. I have been slave driven, worked under dangerous conditions and seen work and working conditions at their worst, so it is readily understandable that I am quick to appreciate good treatment by a foreman and every good working condition provided by a company. I can understand those showing a lack of appreciation of the best if they have not seen the worst.

I have many reasons why I like my job, but I think the most important to me is the fact that I have a good foreman, and for every reason I think he is good I like my job that much better.

He thinks I have more ability than I think I have so I consistently do better work than I thought I could do. When he gives me a job and has given me all the necessary information about it he does not constantly check up on me or tell me how I should do small details of my work. I never have reason to be conscious of his "having his eye on me". He always shows pleasure when a job is well done. He has a very thorough understanding of all the work in the department. He is smiling, good-natured and patient; always ready to concentrate all his attention on any problem with which I need help.

The fact that I have a good foreman goes a long way toward making me happy and contented with my job.

My work, for the most part, is difficult and offers a constant challenge to my best efforts. It is necessary for me to use every brain I possess and every ounce of resourcefulness. This is as I like it. When I have to concentrate all my mental faculties on my job I never have to watch the clock, the time goes like wildfire.

My job satisfies my masculine yearning for creativeness.

It offers outlet for my self-expression.

It absorbs all my aggressiveness.

The nature of my work affords me a very definite sense of pride of accomplishment.

Although some of my work is not exactly artistic, I do frequently have work to do that does appeal to my artistic sense. This work probably pleases me more than most.

The finished product of a Cadillac is a magnificent work of art. Much of my work goes towards making it a work of art. As I gloat over the finished product I see many artistic shapes, graceful lines and beautiful contours, many of which I personally have spent many long hours to produce and perfect. No one could know but myself and I haven't the words to express adequately the pride that wells up in me when I see the pride in the eyes of the owners of these beautiful cars—They like my work, and that is a very acceptable part of my compensation.

There have been quite a few times in my life that I have looked around and have not been very proud of the company I found myself in on a job, but I am happy to say that as I look around now at my working associates I almost feel honored to be one of them. They are a picked group of very clever men, each one having exceptional ability in different specialized work and each one having considerable ability in general experimental work. I derive quite a bit of pleasure out of the company I now find myself in on my job.

The Cadillac Motor Car Company has gone to considerable expense and trouble to make me happy, comfortable, safe, healthy and generally satisfied.

It is because many of the comforts and good working conditions I am now provided with were very conspicuous by their absence on other jobs where I have worked that I am now constantly conscious of them and appreciate the smallest detail the Company has thought of on my behalf. The list of these details is quite impressive.

I am provided with many fine machines and great stock of machine tools, gauges and equipment together with a vast

store of materials. Everything I could conceivably need for my work is at hand. I have plenty of room to work. My work is all day work and I have plenty of daylight, direct sunlight and when that is not enough, I have plenty of fluorescent light. If the sun is too hot or bright, I have only to let down slat shades that protect me from the direct rays of the sun, but allows the cool breeze to pass through. If the outside breeze is insufficient I have only to turn on an electric fan. Every possible thing has been done to make my shop a safe place to work. Machines and compressed air outlets are equipped with safety devices, grinding wheels are provided with double protection of heavy glass shields and plastic visors for the operator to wear.

An elaborate inter-departmental fire alarm system tells every employee instantly the location of a fire anywhere in the entire plant. A brigade of volunteer employee fire fighters go immediately to fight the fire.

The air in my shop is kept clean and free of dust by powerful dust eliminating machinery.

My shop is well equipped with overhead hoists so it is unnecessary for me to strain myself lifting heavy work.

I like the way I am given deluxe transportation in Cadillac limousines when it is necessary to travel any distance on Company business.

A well equipped hospital is close at hand for my convenience. I am protected against the possibility of overwhelming hospital and surgical expenses not only for myself, but also for my wife and family, by group insurance.

My shop is equipped with wood floors. This reduces fatigue and leg ache.

If my wife needs to get in touch with me, a loud speaker calls me to a telephone, in the shop, located twenty feet from my bench.

As contrasted to standing out in line after work in rain and freezing temperatures for a pay check that sometimes did not materialize, my pay check on this job is brought to me on the job by my foreman.

The tangible compensation for my work is naturally a pleasure to receive and is necessary to feed and clothe myself and my family, but it is the intangible compensation that comes my way through my work and my being a part of the General Motors organization that I find vastly more soul satisfying than the tangible compensation.

The intangible compensation that comes to a fireman who saves a child from a burning building is easy to understand. My work is not as spectacular as that of a fireman and my intangible compensation not as obvious, but in my inconspicuous position I feel that I am nevertheless serving humanity well. The automobile is of vital interest to everyone and is a vital necessity in our present day living. It is good to feel that I am a necessary part of an organization that accomplishes so much useful work making life easier for people in all walks of life all over the world.

I derive great satisfaction from the fact that a part of every dollar I earn for the General Motors organization goes towards scientific research that will not only improve my standard of living and that of my family and neighbors, but also that of people in every country on earth.

I cannot do much to fight Communism single handed, but I take pride in the fact that I am part of an organization that can and does fight Communism, as evidenced by C. E. Wilson's address "The Great Delusion—Where Marx Went Wrong", published in "G-M Folks" magazine. It is a considerable source of satisfaction to me to know that my wife is happy about the work I do; my mother and relations here and abroad are proud of the work I do; and I am sure my Creator is happy to see me doing such honest, useful, necessary work and using all his gifts to the best of my ability.

I like my job because of the many things it teaches me and its beneficial effect on my every day habits, process of thought and attitude toward my fellow workers.

Since my work must be performed to a high degree of accuracy, I find that I have gotten into the habit of being more

accurate with every thing I do at home and at work. I am gratified to note the improvement in the quality of work on my hobbies. I know I am not a round peg in a square hole. I have complete assurance that I have a definite aptitude for my work because I come by it inherently. My father, grandfather and great grandfather before me were all modelers and sculptors. They produced works of beauty and they derived great satisfaction from their work, but I have much more reason to be satisfied with my work as a Cadillac is not only a work of great beauty and durability, but it is a work of great utility.

There is that about my job that appeals to my romantic side. I have always loved wood, I love the smell of it, the many distinct and different scents of different wood. There is much to appeal to a romantic about various woods.

The greatest part of my time is spent working with Peruvian mahogany, the same durable, magnificent, ageless wood that played so important a part in the building of the old Inca Empire. The golden wood savors of romance. The very wood I now shape, carve and chisel to make beauty and utility in this our new American civilization was a growing, living, beautiful thing amid the magnificence of the old Inca world.

I think of this wood as a link between the ancient American civilization and the new world we are now building. Even the laborious process of mahogany lumbering operations are interwoven with romance.

I often look at the long straight mahogany planks, piled high in the stock room, and for a moment allow my thoughts to wander to the scene of hundreds of Peruvian Indians snaking the giants out of the heart of their forests the same today as they did a thousand years ago.

Working with this wood not only makes my job interesting, but fascinating.

From the earliest primitive days of man, man has dug down into the rich earth beneath his feet and come up with raw material with which he has produced useful and beautiful works. Long before the biblical words "Ashes to ashes and

dust to dust" were uttered and ever since those words were uttered history has shown that man and his achievements run in cycles. Empires rise out of dust and completely disappear, then rise again. So it is with the things we make from day to day. There is a definite cycle—coarse raw materials to finished products, a period of use and service and finally discard. I like my job because I am fortunate enough to be in the position of starting the cycle of a great and important undertaking, for it is only after a clay model has been made that the graceful lines and contours of an automobile body can be reproduced, first in mahogany and then in steel. Clay is truly the very beginning of the cycle, and here is one great reason why I enjoy my work. In constructing a clay model I experience more the emotions of the CORNERSTONE LAYER as contrasted to the feelings of the WRECKER.

I have always been interested in statistics. One I came across recently I found particularly gratifying; out of all the workers in the world and taking into consideration all the conditions of work and general living and political conditions, I enjoy a higher standard of living and make more money in less time, under more favorable conditions than ninety-nine percent of the workers of the world. I find myself in the envied position of being amongst that small top one percent of the workers of the world as judged by real physical and spiritual wealth.

It is a readily provable fact that I have gained more physical and spiritual wealth during the past four years of my employment with the Cadillac Motor Car Company than I did in the previous twenty-one years at other jobs.

In four years of steady work at good pay and ample leisure time, I have been able to build a comfortable home, buy an automobile and acquire land for raising my own vegetables, and all I have I own free and clear.

I attribute this personal success entirely to my present job. Now you know why in all truth and sincerity I can say—

I LIKE MY JOB.

Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan



Arthur R. Kalder

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION

Arthur R. Kalder, 48, is a patrolman in the plant protection department of the Cadillac Motor Car Division in Detroit. He is a real veteran of that division. His name first appeared on the Cadillac payroll more than 23 years ago. In 1941 he left Cadillac but returned about a year later.

Mr. Kalder's chief pastime is reading. His mother now is hospitalized at Ann Arbor, and he spends most of his free time with her.

Following is his letter for the "My Job and Why I Like It" Contest:

MY JOB at Cadillac has covered a period of over twenty years. It just an ordinary job, humdrum, prosaic, routine. That is the way it looks much of the time, But, on reflection, it is something more than the tread-mill task it might appear to be. Over all those twenty years it has provided me a living and a little more, and as survival is the first problem of life, chalk that up as advantage number one. And it has furnished me more than that. Man does not live by bread alone. He must have some belief, some faith in the purposes and course of his life. These are days when the skies of the world are filled with

confusion and clamor, with rivalry and strife of philosophies and theories. We are in a period where every man's fears and doubts loom sharp, where more than ever before in our national history we need some steadfast faith, some clear and firm path and purpose. And here in this job, obscure as it is, I have found in my experience and observation, comfort and support for the ideals that I was raised up in and have sought to hold fast to. My parents had little to bequeath me, other than their faith that the American way of life, of work and of government, is the best way yet devised for the general good of mankind. It was not a blind and acquiescent faith. They knew through bitter experience that it has its flaws and its rough spots, its frictions and lapses. But in spite of personal hardship and disappointment they held their faith that we were on the right path, an upward path, toward a better living for our people and the peoples of the world. That creed they taught me, not as dogma, but as reasonably demonstrated truth. Their origins were not so far removed from the privations of pioneer life that they could not appreciate the advances made in comfort and security during their lifetimes.

Such was my heritage. I would be a liar if I claimed that there had never been times when I wavered and doubted. I have doubted. I have been frustrated and skeptical at times, but the years have rolled on and the old belief still holds good, in comparison to the other creeds which are so loudly proclaimed today. And most of the things which have buttressed my faith I have found right here in my daily work and environment. I regard the automobile industry and the people who keep it running as a representative cross-section of American industry and society. And without benefit of academic education or travel, my job has given me opportunity to study that cross-section, in mass and in detail, in light and in shadow. What I have seen leaves much to be desired, from the standpoint of perfection, but those twenty years have shown progress and evolution, which I believe can and will be accelerated in the future if we are brave enough and honest enough

to profit by the mistakes we have all made in the past, and to follow through with steady and consistent effort on the main methods and purposes whose soundness has been proven. The word Effort is not popular with some people today, but I have not found or seen any motive-power to replace it.

Here in my work I have seen the automobile industry in its lush years and in its lean times. I saw the impact of adverse economic influences bring it almost to a halt fifteen years ago. But it didn't stop. Through all those years of world depression I saw it battle on for survival and growth, and I saw that slow and dogged battle give strength and stimulus to the other industries of the country, and to the men who derived their living from them. And, greatest of all, I saw the know-how and man-power of the industry translated into the prodigious effort which in five years made us the mightiest military power the world has yet seen.

And I have seen all that as an expression of the old American spirit of individualism, of the hope every man has to better himself by his own strength and industry. The much derided Profit Motive or Competitive System still seems to work for men who are willing to work a little more than the minimum required to hold their position. In the year when all business was at its lowest ebb I saw the management of this plant placed in the hands of a man who had come to this country only a score of years before with nothing more than a pair of willing hands and a keen mind. I saw him nurse this unit through the dark days and bring it up to a stronger position than it had held before the depression. And a year ago I saw this man moved up to head the largest division of the corporation. Twenty years ago I used to see a young man, usually pretty well coated with crank-case oil, working at all hours of the night in our experimental garage. He is not an old man yet, and has done moderately well for himself. His name is John F. Gordon and he now sits behind the desk Mr. Dreystadt used before he got the call to Chevrolet. It sounds like Horatio Alger stuff, but it happens to be true. Space and time permit-

ting I could cite the cases of a hundred other men within my acquaintance in this one comparatively small plant who have come a long way from where they started. It is a process that is going on every day everywhere in every line of human endeavor in this nation. And it will go on as long as we have men who are willing to work a little harder than the average, and as long as these men are free to choose their line of endeavor without restraint or restriction. The work these men do profits them, but it also profits me and Joe Dokes. It creates employment in old lines and new, and it broadens the base of our social economy and security while raising the living standards of all.

Can any system of static Statism promise us and our children a better or a freer way of life than the one we have been working out for two centuries? Not in my belief, not from the evidence my own eyes have witnessed. We have a long way to go before our system is perfect, but we are further on that road than any other people. I have seen a great advance made in my time and expect to see more before my days are ended. I never hope to sit in the shade of The Big Rock-Candy Mountain, but I can go my way through life proud that I have seen and had a part in the progress made toward better living in my days.

And as long as I live and have strength I will defend that mode of life and the freedom of individual choice and aspiration which have made it possible. I might have come to the same beliefs and conclusions if I had stayed on the farm, or if I had started a hamburger stand. I do not know. I chose this line of work and this is what it has shown me. So my job here at Cadillac has been more to me than the food and shelter it has provided me. It has been the confirmation of a way of life which I think is worth continuing, defending, and expanding.

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



Levi E. Keith

DELCO-REMY DIVISION

Eighty-five-year-old Levi Keith has had many jobs. He served as a county surveyor for many years. At one time he was editor of a county newspaper. For many years he filled the pulpit in a rural Baptist church. But with a great deal of pride he will tell you that none of his experiences has been more interesting or enjoyable than the five years he has spent as a sweeper at Delco-Remy Division, Anderson, Indiana.

Mr. Keith is a man who couldn't read newspaper headlines in 1943 without trying to do something. He asked for work—anything that his years would allow him to do—and was given a job in the maintenance department. Before long he had scores of friends in the plant. When the war ended, he wanted to keep right on working.

Last January, when he celebrated his 84th birthday, the men and women of his plant took up a collection, bought gifts for him, and gave a luncheon in his honor.

Here's what Mr. Keith's MJC letter said:

THE SUDDEN INTERRUPTION of my favorite Sunday radio program back in 1941, the excited voice of the announcer with the awesome news that the Belle of our Pacific possessions had been overrun by the Japs, was so shocking to a man of my 77

years that it seemed too heavy a cross to bear. Too old and having been in retirement for a number of years, it seemed as if I must be an additional burden to be carried along during a time when all resources were needed to meet the agressor. Delco-Remy at Anderson was calling for help and while I was old and thought I was through working, I answered the call, little knowing what I could do to help, but willing to try. They found a nich for me as a sweeper on the night shift, pretty hard for my 77 years but with determination to help I stayed on and called it my duty. But even after victory had been celebrated and our plant converted over to peace-time operation, I still found myself going down one aisle and back the other with my broom and shovel. It wasn't a patriotic duty now, but the companionship of my fellow workers, the sound of the machines making products to assure a more enjoyable life has turned the years in backward motion. The feeling of being a part in a vast organization which still gives to each an individuality, whose suggestion for improvement are always gratefully accepted by an understanding supervisory staff. The alertness of the engineering staff as to the safety of all, the care and tender treatment of the plant hospital staff. The insurance which is provided for all. And while I am in my 84th year I enjoy my work and companionship of my fellow workers and am more contented with my broom and shovel than I used to be with my tripod and level, for you see, I was a licenced civil engineer for over 45 years.

FOUR SPECIAL PLAQUES were presented to the divisions having the greatest percentage of entrants in the contest. GEIC-MIC, GMAC and Motors Holding Division each had 100 percent participation. Moraine Products Division led all manufacturing divisions with 99.04 percent.

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



William Joseph Kelly

GM OVERSEAS OPERATIONS DIVISION

William J. Kelly, 23, a junior analyst in inventory control section of supply department, Overseas Operations Division, New York City, has been with Overseas Operations since 1942. More than two years of that time was spent on military leave. From March, 1943, to November, 1945, he served in the Navy as Quartermaster Second Class, taking part in the Pacific campaigns as well as the Normandy invasion.

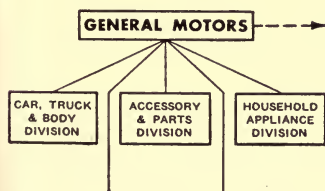
Married, and the father of a three-year-old daughter, Mr. Kelly is well-liked by his associates for his enthusiasm. He is a member of the Rockets Hockey Club of the Westchester County Amateur League. He insists that his greatest hobby, other than ice hockey, is sleeping. Mr. Kelly's letter reads:

IN ORDER to eliminate superfluous words and definite confusion in trying to describe my job to you, I thought that the most direct and clearest way was to Show you—

MY JOB

AND

WHY I LIKE IT

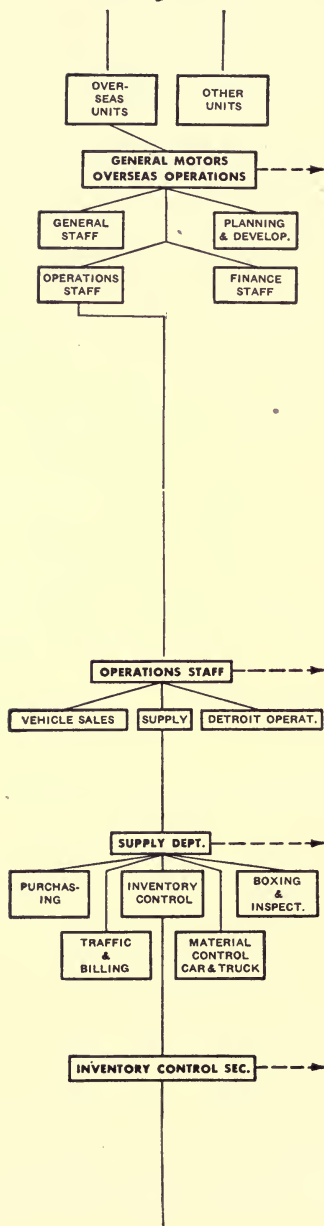


I like it because I am an employee of one of the largest Corporations in the United States, an Institution which in itself is a symbol of Americanism. It was created, as was America, by people who fore-

MY JOB

AND

WHY I LIKE IT



saw that through their cooperative continued efforts “more and better things” could be made available “for more people.”

Because I am a worker in a Division of General Motors Overseas Operations which may be compared to the State Department of our Government. From here, Engineers, Production and Sales Representatives, etc.,—our real Good Will Ambassadors—are sent throughout the world. The finished products of our factories are also shipped through this unit of General Motors. These products are proof to the world of what can be accomplished through free enterprise.

Because, as one of the many members of the Staff, I assist in carrying out the ideas and plans formulated by men with years of experience in big business.

Working here gives me an opportunity to view the overall picture of General Motors, for the Supply Department handles products from the source to the customer overseas.

This is my own back yard. Here, we gather such figures monthly from the foreign plants as Wholesale and Retail Sales, Production, actual Inventories, etc. Working

MY JOB

AND

WHY I LIKE IT

JUNIOR ANALYST

on the figures properly will give us a plant's performance in the past and its future outlook. However, figures alone do not give a true picture. One must also keep in touch with present world affairs. It is very important to know how "healthy" each country is that has a General Motors' Plant.

I think this is a very important job, because to me it is the first step on the General Motors' ladder. The figures I process, I know, go right to the top of this ladder (step by step). As a result of this, I feel I have an interest in all of General Motors. This is also the point where General Motors looks upon you as an "individual" rather than as one of a group. It is here that you are noticed for what you do to make the whole operation a success.

You know the success of each job is on a fifty-fifty basis. General Motors gives its fifty percent in offering an interesting job with a good salary, security, and the best in working conditions. It even goes better than fifty percent by providing for sickness and accident benefits through the Blue Cross Plan and Group Insurance.

I like my job and after reading this, I think you'll like it too.

AT THE GRAND AWARDS BANQUET C. E. Wilson, president of GM, presented gold keys to each of the 40 car winners. The winners' new cars were delivered to them upon their return to their homes.



Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan

William H. Kitts

FISHER BODY DIVISION

William H. Kitts, 23, has worked for two different GM plants and gone through General Motors Institute, Flint, Michigan.

He started with General Motors four years ago as a stock clerk at the Fisher Body-Memphis Aircraft Division. Shortly afterwards he was accepted for admission to General Motors Institute. He was graduated on February 23, 1947. Today he works at Fisher Body-St. Louis as a fifth year GMI student and junior engineer. His fifth year assignment is to make a comprehensive study of all portable tools in the plant. This study leads to an engineering degree.

The day Mr. Kitts was graduated from GMI he married Gladys Stabler, a secretary to one of the school's department heads.

At Messick High School, Memphis, Tennessee, and at GMI, he was an all-around athlete. At the Institute he played on the All-Star softball team one year and the intramural championship basketball team for four years. In addition, he held the badminton singles championship for two years.

His contest letter reads:

MY JOB is to study the operations on the assembly line and recommend the best portable hand tools that will perform the

operations in the most accurate and efficient manner; thereby maintaining a high quality product.

The reasons that I like my job seem to fall into two categories, those that have a direct effect on my job and those that have an indirect effect.

DIRECT REASONS

1. I'm doing the type of work that is interesting to me and that I like.
2. I feel that besides helping to get a better quality body, I'm also helping to make my fellow worker's job easier and more efficient.
3. The men that I work for and with are some of the best in the corporation and have always been considerate and fair with me.
4. I'm receiving good wages that enable me to make a moderate living.
5. In my job I have certain responsibilities that I enjoy performing.
6. I have opportunities to learn more about making tools, offer suggestions, and to help in solving certain production problems.
7. I enjoy working with my supervisors as they are always seeking better tools and equipment.
8. Any time I have new ideas in mind the supervisor, at least, gives them consideration.
9. The vacation with pay each year is very enjoyable.
10. I feel that in the Division there is ample room for advancement.

INDIRECT REASONS

My indirect reasons for liking my job can best be told in story form, as they were only realized over a period of time and after some experiences.

I was born and grew up in Memphis, Tennessee and as long as I can remember I have been greatly interested in automobiles and wanted to make them my life's work. This desire was

always with me and after graduation from high school, I went to work as a stock clerk for Fisher Body in Memphis.

One day I was approached by the Industrial Relations Director of the plant who asked me if I had ever heard of General Motors Institute and I told him that I had. He inquired if I would like to attend this Engineering Institute and I immediately said yes. I made application for admittance to the Institute and was accepted. This was one of the big moments of my life for at last I had the opportunity to study for the type of work that I had wanted to do since I was a kid.

It was about this time that I first began to feel a great like for the Corporation, for I realized that it not only had an interest in production, but also had an interest in the individual employee as well. For here, I had before me the opportunity of getting an education that previously would have been impossible for me due to financial reasons.

At the Institute, I met boys from other Divisions of the Corporation that had been given an opportunity such as was offered to me. In many cases these boys became real friends of mine. At the Institute each boy was not just treated as a student, as is the case in most colleges, but was treated as if he were a member of a very large family. From the Institute I could see the heart of the Corporation, not from one of the distant Divisions, but from the very center of its activities. On rare occasions the students would get to see Mr. Kettering and Mr. Wilson and on several of these meetings we even had the opportunity to talk to them. From these talks with the heads of the Corporation, it was apparent that they were regular fellows that were interested in the jobs of each individual employee. Although these two men were directing different functions of the Corporation, each one encouraged personal ambitions and initiatives that helps to make better products for a higher standard of living in America. At the Institute, competition was encouraged in many studies and activities and the feeling of wanting to do things better than the other fellow was a natural result.

While completing my four years at the Institute I began to have a deeper understanding of both the Corporation Policies and the Engineering Knowledge that goes into the design and manufacture of General Motors Products.

In Mr. Wilson's address to the executives of the Corporation after VJ Day, he mentioned six points for them to follow when directing the change from military to civilian production. Of these six points, the fourth one has the most interest to me at the present time. Mr. Wilson's fourth point was as follows:

SUPPLY THE RIGHT TOOLS AND THE RIGHT CONDITIONS. The quality of tools, the facilities and the working conditions supplied for employees are highly important. The better the tools, facilities and working conditions, the more that can be produced with the same human effort and the lower the cost of the product. When this results, higher wages can be paid and more good jobs can be provided. So General Motors wants the best tools and facilities we know how to create, and is prepared to spend millions of dollars currently and in the future to acquire them.

Upon graduation at the end of four years at the Institute, I returned to the Fisher Body St. Louis Plant, where I had been transferred to from Memphis when that plant was sold. My job at the St. Louis Plant was to supply the right tool and the right conditions for the assembly line operations. That is the job I have now and I like it for I feel that in some small way I am helping to put into affect one of the basic points that Mr. Wilson set up.

To condense all of my reasons into a couple of paragraphs, I would say that the reason I like my job is because I'm doing a job that is important and at the same time is exactly what I wanted to do to make a living. Therefore, what more could any man desire than to do some type of work he likes to do and is capable of doing.

Last of all I'm glad that I work in America where a man can seek the type of job he likes or where he can quit any job he

doesn't like, and that in this country a man can use his initiative and prosper according to his ability to produce. As long as General Motors Corporation or any Corporation encourages competition and personal initiative they will help to preserve not only this country but also the democratic way of life. For as Morris L. Ernst wrote in his book, Too Big:

Democracy will beat any philosophy if given a chance. For democracy means an adventure for intelligence. And the standard of living of a people inevitably rises with increased intelligence. Dictators appear to substitute sandwiches for liberty for short periods of time. In the long run, however, sandwiches are more plentiful and fatter if put together by a free people.

ALL 40 GRAND AWARD WINNERS were the guests of C. E. Wilson in Detroit on December 13, 1947. They were accommodated at the Statler Hotel, were shown the GM Proving Ground, and were honored guests at the Grand Awards Banquet in the evening.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Betty F. Kraft

GENERAL MOTORS PATENT OFFICE

Automotive patents are no mystery to Mrs. Betty F. Kraft, who is secretary to the head of the General Motors Patent Section's office in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Kraft learned about patents when she was an employe of the Government Patent Office in Washington. She left her work there in 1944 to join the GM Patent Section.

Semi-classical music, dancing and her five-year-old son, Carl, are her interests outside of working hours.

She said in her winning letter:

“WHY”—WHY DO I LIKE MY JOB with General Motors? You know it's a coincidence that you should ask that, for only the other night as Carl, the man of the house, age five, was getting ready for bed he brought up that very question and we had quite a discussion about it.

He started it by remarking “Gee, mom, I wish you could stay home with me tomorrow. Grandma's all right, but I don't think she understands me like you do.”

“That would be very nice,” I said, “but you know somebody's got to earn a living around here and, of course, you're

not quite big enough yet. Anyway, I like my job with General Motors!"

"Why, mom?" (the age-old question and one I ordinarily found most difficult to answer. This time, however, the subject involved was one I had given much thought to, so instead of sighing and racking my brain for a satisfactory answer, as was usually necessary, I replied without hesitation.)

"In the first place," I began, "I'm proud to work for General Motors. From the time I was a little girl going to school I have heard the remark 'If it's made by General Motors it must be good!' and General Motors has maintained that reputation for honesty, dependability and fairness toward employes and customers alike all through the years. I remember when I first started, it was three and a half years ago during the war, whenever anyone asked me where I worked I would proudly state that I was an employe of General Motors! It was indeed a satisfaction to feel that I was serving this great organization that was playing such a vital part in winning the war, and now that the war is over General Motors is doing everything in its power to make this a better world to live in. Its goal has always been a higher standard of living for its employes and even though the going has been rough these last few years, with rising prices and shortages of materials, they have managed to keep pace with a living wage for their employes. I have found from the beginning that General Motors appreciates a job well done.

"Then, there's that spirit of good fellowship enjoyed by G.M. folks! And speaking of G.M. Folks reminds me of the magazine put out by General Motors each month to bring us closer to our fellow workers and acquaint us with the many activities engaged in by G.M. employes.

"Here's something that will interest you, Carl, the Annual Soap-box Derby sponsored by Chevrolet Division of General Motors (you know, Chevrolet, the kind of car we hope to have some day). In a few years you will be big enough to take part in this thrilling contest. It's a wonderful thing for growing

boys, develops sportsmanship, ingenuity and ability to think for themselves.

"I guess that about sums up my reasons for the pride I take in working for General Motors, aside from which, of course, there are many personal reasons why I like my job. General Motors has made me feel that my service to the Corporation is needed and my efforts to do my job in the best manner possible are appreciated. I am treated as an individual and not just another cog in a great machine. In my work I have had capable supervision with thorough, patient and intelligent instructors, and I have seen these qualities among the supervisory heads of the various other G.M. offices I have come in contact with. These attributes inspire the confidence and loyalty that I and thousands of other employees feel toward General Motors.

"In a small office like ours there is always a surplus of work, so that time never lags. Not only is our work interesting and greatly varied but there is always something to learn, and in learning we are taught the "why" as well as the "how", which of course inspires the use of one's own initiative when circumstances permit. The old saying 'a busy person is a happy one' is indeed a true philosophy!

"Working with General Motors gives me that feeling of security and the promise of a future that are so essential to happiness and peace of mind. 'Future' in this organization means not only years of steady and fruitful employment with an established and respected firm but goes beyond that with the G.M. Retirement Plan. I am gratefully participating in this wonderful plan which will help me to be independent in the later years of my life."

At this point, I was interrupted by a sleepy voice saying "Mommy, I can't stay awake any longer. Shall I say my prayers now? And I must ask the Lord to 'God bless General Motors'!"

It seems that for once I had succeeded in answering a "why" without finding myself right back where I had started! And I guess I've answered your question, too, haven't I?



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Louis F. Kusto

FISHER BODY DIVISION

Louis F. Kusto, 36 years old, has been with Fisher Body Division at Grand Rapids for more than 11 years. On his present job he operates a baler.

For almost two years—August, 1943, to May, 1945—he served in the U. S. Navy. He is married and has two daughters, one four and a half, the other three months old.

Mr. Kusto's main hobbies are hunting and fishing. He says, "I've been fishing since I was eight years old and hunting for I don't know how many years—ever since I've been old enough to handle a gun, I guess. But I've never caught or shot anything big enough to talk about." Although not in league competition this year, Mr. Kusto likes to bowl and carries an unofficial average of 160.

In his contest letter he said:

THE DAY I put in my application at the General Motors plant of Fisher Body was eleven years ago. Just then times were difficult. Jobs were scarce. And I was fresh from the C. C. C. camp, a recruit who never knew what a decent wage was or what a steady job meant. The weary days of trudging from one place to another only to find the same old answer, "Experience

Only.” I got my break the day I was assigned to work at the scrap baler. The first few days were frightening, as the noise of the enormous presses and constant whirring of machines were new to me. Amidst all this confusion I began to feel something gigantic, something that could not be seen, hold me in it’s embrace. I knew then and there, that I belonged here, to this ever expanding force. I feel now that I am an important but small cog in this vast family of G.M. Now that I look back over these years, I can see what G.M. has done for me, not in the way of a job alone but also in the building of sound character. I am very thankful to the men appointed over me who enlightened me, who led me and molded a man out of me. To-day I can go at my work with a feeling of security, knowing that I am a member of a wonderful organization. An organization who is not only looking out for my welfare but also for the welfare of my beloved ones. (That I experienced when I was in the South Pacific with the Navy and thru the efforts of G. R. Fisher Body personell my wife received the necessary blood donations to keep her alive.) This organization can’t be beat, as it is always open for new ideas in the field of leading the future generation to act and think as solid Americans.

The baler station is about the noisiest place in the whole plant. To the sensitive ears, it’s a place to stay away from as the din of the falling steel is terrifying. I’m in my glory as soon as I can take hold of those controls and feel that I am the master. I am the conductor who daily leads his “Symphony of Steel” and likes it.



Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan

Orville R. Lewis

DELCO RADIO DIVISION

Orville Richard Lewis has been employed at the Delco Radio Division for just a little more than a year as a time study observer. He is 26 years of age, married, and has one child.

Mr. Lewis came to General Motors after his discharge from the Army. As a Lieutenant, he spent three years in the AAF, flying as first pilot on a B-24. He is a member of the American Legion and the Reserve Officers Flying Corps.

After his discharge Mr. Lewis solved the housing problem for his family by buying a red brick, country schoolhouse which he is converting into a home. He is doing a large share of the remodeling himself.

Next to home-building, Mr. Lewis lists mathematics as his favorite hobby.

He said in his My Job Contest letter:

MY JOB? Well it is one of those affairs that bears the title Time and Motion Study Observer. It's a funny combination of standing around and watching the other fellow work and at the same time acting the part synonymous to the Army's Chaplain. Crazy combination, you say? Well, that's one thing

that makes it so darn interesting, you can't say it is monotonous.

I have sketchily described what my job is about, now to get into the meat of this stuff—Why do I like it? I've already given you one definitely good point along this line—no monotony—and that is a very important point.

What is this about an Army Chaplain?—Well, we all know that everybody has troubles these days especially in production work and who do they come to with their troubles?—Time Study. No, it isn't boring to listen to other people's troubles it's an honor. It's an honor to be able to help someone if possible and it's more of an honor to know that they think you can.

Why do I like my job? Here is the most important reason. Standing around and watching the other fellow work. It is part of my job you know. It is then that I get to watch the hands. If that sounds funny, it isn't.

Hands are odd gadgets; and, in case you have never taken time to notice them they do remarkable things. They have both character and individuality.

Throughout my day I see hands of all kinds. There are some with nimble fingers that weave through operations and it is evident that they have passed this way before because there is no hesitancy in their motion.

Then there are those stiff awkward hands full of thumbs of the new employee and I inwardly chuckle thinking of my first day at Allison's measuring minute needle bearings. I momentarily feel sorry for those hands, and yet I know from experience that it won't be long until those can dance, too, while they work.

Here are some hands that move with masculine decisiveness and strength. They know their job and go about it accordingly. One can hardly tell that just a few years ago they were scared to death for the very life within them as they clutched for rough coral on a bloody Pacific Beach.

There I see a pair of dark golden-brown hands joking and kidding their way through an operation. As I watch them I

can almost hear the strains of "Old Suzana". These are good and happy hands.

Here I see a pair of feminine hands that are beginning to show their age in wrinkles, despite their dexterity. I can imagine them years ago making an apple pie for another pair of hands, youthful and chubby then, but grown-up now and manipulating that machine over there.

So, you see, these are the reasons I like my job. I could go on at length and enumerate each detail, but that is not necessary for to sum it up it is

**ONE GRAND VIEW OF AMERICA PAST, PRESENT
AND FUTURE!**

ONE EMPLOYE mailed in a 16mm. Kodachrome silent movie film along with his letter. The film, which runs six minutes, shows the contestant talking about the contest with his family, writing his letter and then dropping it into the corner mail box.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Thomasene Lewis

GENERAL MOTORS CENTRAL OFFICE

Miss Thomasene Lewis has been with General Motors for more than five years. At present she is a stenographer on the GM Legal Staff, General Motors Central Office.

Before coming to GM she taught school. She enjoys singing, is active in the GM Girls' Club, and is captain of her team in the GM Girls' Bowling League.

In her MJC letter, she wrote:

Dear Sally,

YOU HAVE BEEN ASKING me my reasons for staying in Detroit now that Mom and Dad have joined you in California. Might as well save news about sewing, shopping, dates, etc., to another letter and show you why I still prefer changeable Michigan to sunny California. After this letter, you should be able to answer your friends' questions concerning my remaining here with more than "I don't know—she just likes Detroit and General Motors, I guess."

Remember five years ago when we, as teachers, believed our classes were becoming routine and less enjoyable to our students? We realized our enthusiasm for teaching was on the wane and that it would be much better for us and our students

to leave the profession temporarily and gain other experience which, when we returned to teaching our commercial classes, would be of great benefit. You thought at the time you joined the WAC that my job with General Motors wouldn't prove too interesting though I was also doing a part in war work by expediting contracts between the Government and General Motors, the largest supplier to the Government of war materiel. Remember my enthusiasm upon starting office work in the legal Department—the pleasantness and friendliness shown me the first weeks? That friendliness and co-operation has continued. It is the atmosphere of our department. The feeling of responsibility which makes the job at hand worthwhile is not a prerogative of the teaching profession, I find, for this department treats one as an individual and encourages developing initiative and the use of one's own judgment in arranging the working day schedule and getting the work out.

Each day during war years proved interesting as I learned about the operation of the many General Motors Divisions through my work and through GM fact-filled publications, lobby exhibits, and "Previews of Progress." Through this growing knowledge of General Motors, I became aware of the part business plays in an individual's life, of the cooperation of business with the Government, and of the actual working of democracy. I am proud of the General Motors Building and what it represents just as I am proud of the schools in which I taught, for I believe General Motors, too, stands for democracy—that which we are all striving for and which is difficult to explain in words. Perhaps it's best explained in a quote (Do you recall our course in Foundations of Education 200Fb?) from "A Manifesto on Democracy" from the staff of Teachers College, Columbia University: "Democracy is the achievement of a long human struggle, inspired by ideals of justice and brotherhood. . . . It seeks to develop a way of living together—social, economic, political—which is in harmony with this regard for the intrinsic worth of each person. . . . Loyalty to democracy necessarily involves active support of those social,

economic, and political arrangements which make possible an abundant life for each and every person." I believe General Motors with its objective "More and Better Things for More People" is emphasizing the relating of one's knowledge, one's thinking and intelligence, one's complete "human development" to the actual living with people in and for America. General Motors offers not only more and better products to more people to enrich their living, but also offers opportunities to its employees to grow in personality outside the office and to enjoy cultural activities.

Other letters mentioned my bowling scores and higher average after four years of league bowling. I am captain now of the Durable Axles, one of the 18 teams of the General Motors Girls Bowling League. In that group I have some very good friends who enjoy going together to special dinners, fashion shows, lectures, plays, concerts, and trips to Washington, New York, West Point, etc. These social affairs are arranged by the officers of the General Motors Girls Club who keep in mind the working girl's budget and secure reduced rates.

That brings up the question of wages. In talking with girls working for various corporations, I know that General Motors pays good wages—better than most companies. Naturally, teaching offers a higher maximum salary, a long vacation, and an assured position. In not having to sponsor numerous student activities in the evenings, I find that with my time my own a long vacation isn't so necessary. As far as a steady lifelong position is concerned, General Motors is a company that is financially sound and will stay in business. General Motors is loyal to its employees and always has a place for competent workers who are interested in giving their best to a company that gives its best to the public.

So you see, Sally, my job is here in Detroit with General Motors and I like my job. My carefree evenings are as enjoyable as my working days so it will be a while yet before I'll want to make a change. Lots of love, Tommy



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Mary H. Linabury

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

Mrs. Mary H. Linabury, 26, has completed nearly six years' employment in the Electro-Motive Division. At the present time she is a senior calculator of structural designs in the engineering department. Last year she was married to Henry Linabury, a project engineer at Electro-Motive. Mr. and Mrs. Linabury live in nearby Berwyn, Ill.

Mrs. Linabury is a native of Chicago. She received her grade school education in Berwyn, was graduated from J. S. Morton High School, Cicero, Ill., and finished two years of work at Morton Junior College, Cicero. After completing a course in drafting, she was employed as a draftsman for eight months prior to coming to Electro-Motive.

Her special hobby is mathematics, which ties right in with her work. She has continued her studies in night school and outside. Her other interests are of a domestic nature. She is especially fond of sewing and knitting.

This is what Mrs. Linabury said in her MJC letter:

I'VE GOT A JOB I'm really proud of! It's in the engineering department of a big diesel locomotive factory. It is from this engineering department that come all the changes in design

that produce stronger, lighter cars with smoother, more efficient engines and motors.

In this engineering department is a little group of people whose job it is to tackle any problem that is too tedious for the busy engineers to attempt, or too mathematically involved for anyone who has not kept up on his calculus, or too difficult to analyse by the ordinary methods available. This group's problems involve all branches of engineering from radio electronics to stresses in framed structures, from vibrations in the engine to the stopping distance of the locomotive.

My job is with this group. And one of the big reasons why I am so proud to be in it is because I am a girl!

I started with this group more than five years ago, my only qualifications being two years of liberal arts college and a liking for mathematics. Since then I have received constant encouragement from my boss to continue my education at night school, have been taught basic engineering principles by him, and have been given problems which were generally one step ahead of what I knew so that I would have to study further. My job has proved to be an engineering education with pay.

And such pay! I have never yet had to ask for a raise—they have come through steadily with my increasing abilities. And I have never felt that there was any discrimination because I was a girl. There is a definite policy here of—if you are doing a man's job, you get a man's pay.

Now you can see a little why I am proud of my job. Why I enjoy working for a boss whose interest and fairness has helped me so much. Why I enjoy working for a company which encourages its supervisors not only to get the most out of an employee but also to help the employee get the most out of his opportunities and abilities.

HANDWRITING, GRAMMAR, SPELLING or fancy decoration did not count either for or against the contestants in the judging.



Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan

Joseph Losito

BROWN-LIPE-CHAPIN DIVISION

Joseph Losito, 44, is a man who never won anything in his life until he was awarded one of the top MJC prizes. Seven years ago, in 1940, shortly after Brown-Lipe-Chapin Division at Syracuse started on its first war contract, he went to work for the division. Today he is a buffer in the plating department.

Mr. Losito was born in Cassamasime, Italy, in 1903. In 1919 he came to the U.S. to live with his brother in Syracuse. Later he went to night school to qualify for citizenship. He married a Syracuse girl in 1923. He is proud of his children. Joe, Jr., 23, an ex-Marine, owns his own gasoline station; Dolores, 21, is to be graduated in June from a teachers' college; Irene, works in the office of a jewelry store in Syracuse; Arthur, 15, and Shirley, 12, attend junior high school.

Mr. Losito's hobbies are hunting and fishing. The Losito home is just outside the city limits of Syracuse. On his $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre of land, Mr. Losito grows all of the family vegetables for canning.

Here is how he worded his MJC letter:

YOU KNOW? When I heard the title was to be "My Job and Why I Like It" I was a little surprised. Thought I chuckling, in a mocking way and to myself, "Huh! 'Why I Don't Like

My Job' would be a more appropriate title for a contest entry—"

However, after I thought about it for a time and seriously, I slowly began to realize that my whole life depended on my job—not only my life; but my children and my wife's lives.

Before I can write on my job it would be more enlightening to you if I introduced myself, then gave a little history about work, factory life and the conditions prevailing, therein.

The first thing I did before I sat down to pour forth an epistle, was to quiz around—ask a few people why they were working. Here are a few responses I received.

One young man replied lazily, "Oh! Joe, who likes to work. I work just to keep myself alive. My job is as good as any. Get enough cash for my Saturday night binges. What else is there?"

Another said, "I like to work—huh, that's a laugh. Geez, I wisht I was born a millionaire or sumpin'. Do nothing all day, have cadillacs, chauffeurs to pilot me places—ah, wine, women and song. Boy! That's life. Hell! What's the use of talking. I wasn't born a millionaire so I might as well work and like it."

A very dashing, romantic hunk of masculinity said he enjoyed his work as long as the fair sex were among the employed.

However, there were those that said they worked and enjoyed it, PERIOD. I became a little disillusioned and discouraged after a few of these responses and decided to have a talk with myself. You see, my Reader, I am not an American born citizen—I do not take all these grand expansive opportunities for granted. These rights and freedoms that we enjoy so freely were fought for. Blood and tears were shed for them—wars were fought, compromises and treaties were made. Through evolution of politics and time we have now the America we "appreciate" to-day and still we are constantly on the march for development in all fields, namely, industry and science which are almost inseparable.

We all remember that following the last war we had a depression. It pointed its grasping, hungry fingers at all in its

path consequently unemployment prevailed. It swept over the country like a dark, foreboding veil and emitted from its web hunger, starvation, sickness, disease and most of all a fear of what was to come. Relief agencies were organized, but people said they had pride—they wanted jobs, any kind of jobs, they wanted to prove their ability to cope with anything that came their way—men believed as they always have believed—from the time of the cave-men, they were the providers of the home, the Breadwinners. However, there is no time to quibble when their are hungry mouths to fill, you accept gratefully any rap of opportunity. I tried my luck in various fields, not enjoying the work all the time, but it did provide a meager income.

Through a cooperative system in our household and under the capable hands of my wife, we struggled through this difficult period. I'll admit we had more downs than ups but our luck was bound to change. After all, didn't I have a wife and six children as my inspiration?

In 1941, I applied for a job at Brown-Lipe-Chapin, General Motors Division of Syracuse—was accepted and have worked there since, not missing a day of work voluntarily.

What do I like about my job? In this plant, in the line of work I do, the machines are fitted to the employees, not the man fitted to the machine. As a result, we have men doing work they enjoy and have the capacity for.

A theme of working together; cooperation is stressed.

There is cooperation between employer and employee; there is cooperation among employer and employer.

Here at BLC we are not just considered as human beings, earning so many cents an hour—we are not just putting in our time. Instead we are all thought of as an inseparable body all helping each other. Each individual is as important as the next. As a result of this people feel important, they feel needed, their egos are inflated and they take more pride and interest in their work and its quality.

Employees are allowed many freedoms—they are allowed to voice their opinions. Suggestion boxes are distributed

throughout the plant wherein helpful ideas are expressed.

Bulletins, pamphlets and miniature newspapers are printed for our convenience. Sports and recreational activities are abundant and all those interested are allowed to participate.

Most of us who enjoy our jobs appreciate the factors I've mentioned. Just those who fail to recognize that benefits such as these are fairly recent additions to factory life are the unappreciative. A job to them is a means to an end—a pay check at the close of a week; but behind that check is a history—behind that check are vacations with pay, hospitalization, first aid, medical assistance, insurance program, hobby clubs and the annual picnic and minstrel shows.

My family look forward to the BLC picnics and shows each year—we haven't missed a performance yet. My children gain much pleasure out of the picnic especially with all the gala occasions specifically for them—the relay races—the prizes which follow—hotdogs, soda pop, candy corn, drawings and what have you. Listen, all of you. This term "job"—that covers a lot of territory. It is your life—your environment—your form of entertainment—why they are all synonymous. One can't do without the other. They all overlap—each dependent on the other.

Turn back the pages in the rise of industrialism. Read and absorb the scads of materials on the development of factories. Compare them with what you have.

As you read through the evolution of factories just in America, how many of your ancestors enjoyed the privileges you do to-day?

Note: what were the conditions like then? Working conditions, very poor. Machinery was still in its growing stages. No guards on machines, accident rates very high, and there were no means of compensation. If Joe Doakes was killed by a falling hammer, Sam Black took his place. Ah, Joe was a good man, but Sam would do. Children worked in factories because they worked for less money. From the apprentice developed the skilled laborer. From the hand labor came the factory pro-

duction in the raw. No more weaving and cobbling in the homes. That was too slow. America was on the march—as today—fast moving—never stopping—just like a merry-go-round. Did the employee have the right to say, “I deserve a raise. I won’t work fourteen hours a day? There aren’t enough lights in here. The air conditioning is bad. I cut my arm, where can I get first aid?”

Oh, no, he worked—long hours, short pay and that was that. People! realize, that means you and you and **YOU**, that when you say you guess you just have to work so you might as well like it, that, that is definitely a coward’s way out.

You do like your job. Don’t say, “Okay, Joe, if it makes you feel better I like my job but I don’t know why.” There is a reason for everything. Look beneath the surface, scratch the surface, not too deep, and you’ll find many underlying causes that are assets to your job.

After getting all this off my chest, I’ll appreciate my work. You know, I am certainly glad that the title of this contest was worded just as it is. Because, I never took the time out before to determine why I worked and why I did like it. I feel like a new person already who has just had a heavy load lifted from my shoulders. I can relax, and yet, walk with my head high, shoulders back and be so very proud that I do work for an organization that has given me **SECURITY** and **HAPPINESS** and this chance to express it.

SOME GM MEN AND WOMEN told their stories to the judges on phonograph records; others wrote in verse and a few devised acrostics using each of the letters of a word for the first letter of a sentence or paragraph.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Neil F. Mahaney, Jr.

FISHER BODY DIVISION

Neil F. Mahaney, Jr., 30, has been a member of the comptroller's staff of the Fisher Body Division since October, 1940, shortly after he graduated from Michigan State College. He started as a secretary; later he was put in charge of the filing of war contracts and records.

In August, 1943, Mr. Mahaney was called up for active duty in the Navy. He spent a year aboard an escort ship convoying supply ships in the Aleutians. His last duty was on the staff of the Commander of Underwater Demolition Teams. He was released in 1946.

A year ago Mr. Mahaney bought a new home for his wife and three-year-old daughter, Patty. As a result, most of his free time on week-ends and after work has been spent filling in the yard, building a lawn, planting shrubs and flowers, gardening and doing all the other things which need to be done around a new home.

His MJC letter reads as follows:

SOMETIME during 1946, at a time when widespread postwar labor difficulties were of great concern to all American people, I remember reading in the newspapers an announcement of the formation of a Tool Owner's Union. The objective of the

union, I believe, was to encourage full utilization of productive tools on behalf of the thousands of investors who were the owners of these tools and membership was open to anyone who considered himself in accord with this objective. I do not recall that the plan of action to be followed was divulged nor did I see any further reports on the development of the idea. Without consideration of whether or not the plan had merit, the important impression which has remained in my mind is that I have a responsibility as a tool owner equally as much as those who invest their savings directly in business enterprises.

My understanding of the term "tool owner" is that it is applied to one of a group of people who supply the capital for all the things which a business undertaking employs in the production of goods and services. These people theoretically are the owners of these things or tools. As applied to a large corporation, there are hundreds of thousands of tool owners, each one of whom may be said to own a part share in the business. The management of the business is responsible to the tool owners for the full effective use of their tools in production and collection from the customer of payment for their use and wearing out.

Attempting to build up an available cash reserve against possible contingencies despite necessary fixed obligations and the present high cost of living has not enabled me to accumulate any funds for investment in the stocks or bonds of any corporation. Therefore, directly, I cannot regard myself as a tool owner.

Among the purchasers and owners of corporation securities, however, are life insurance companies and banking institutions who are investors in all manner and type of business enterprises on behalf of their policyholders and depositors. The premiums which I pay to my life insurance companies and the savings which I have on deposit in my bank are invested in many diversified industries. Indirectly, I have made a productive investment and in this sense I am one of the millions of people who own corporation tools.

It is reasonable to assume that, since General Motors is one of the largest and most successful corporations, my insurance companies and savings bank are owners of General Motors' securities. As an employe of General Motors, this means to me that I am an indirect owner of the tools with which I and my fellow employes work and a part owner of the business.

Industrial management has long recognized the desirability of participation in the ownership of a corporation by those who have the responsibility for administration of its operations because of the personal interest in profitable management thereby engendered. In General Motors this objective is achieved in part through a bonus plan approved by the stockholders which provides for the distribution of stock awards to key executives when earnings permit. Although I do not fall within this classification, as an indirect owner of General Motors I have equal incentive to take as personal interest in the operations and policies of General Motors as I would have in the management of a business of my own.

In my estimation General Motors offers far more opportunities to me than would be available in either ownership of or working for a small business. As in every other so-called big business, the future of the organization depends greatly upon the personal development and self reliance of the younger men in the organization. This is particularly true because of the decentralized organizational structure of General Motors. The execution of operational policies formulated by top management and central staff activities requires the exercise of initiative and authoritative action on the part of individuals varying in degree down along the line to the lowest paid workman. Everyone in General Motors has opportunity to assume responsibility in some respect and those who capably handle ever increasing responsibilities and display the greatest comprehension of management problems are those who step to bigger jobs. My future with General Motors, therefore, can be what I choose to make it.

Having assumed an indirect ownership of the business and

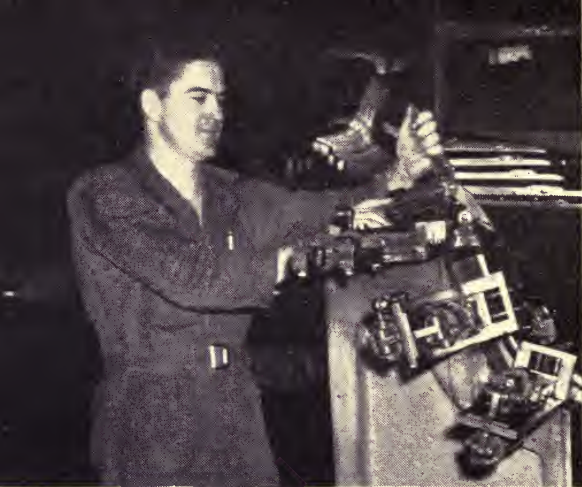
having an interest in its profitable operation, it is definitely to my advantage to develop an understanding of the policies and purposes of management and to give considerable thought to means by which I can contribute most to the continued success of the business. My efforts in this respect can best be applied in the operating division of General Motors by whom I am employed, Fisher Body. There, of course, my primary obligation is to fulfill my own job responsibilities to the best of my ability. At the same time, however, I have every opportunity to observe at first hand the mechanics of management and to study the performance of the various functions required in the operation of the business. I am fortunate in my particular work assignments to have frequent occasion to become acquainted with other departments than my own and also with several of the central staff activities of General Motors. Consequently, I have been able to gain some knowledge of the problems confronting management and to better understand the reasons underlying management decisions and actions.

In an operating division of the size and importance of Fisher Body, the problems which arise in its operations are numerous and complex. Because of its broad responsibilities, management cannot be familiar with the underlying facts in each case and must depend for information upon those individuals who are closer to the problem at hand. This information, then, is passed along the line from lower levels to those at the top who must take final action. In this process, as in the execution of management policies, coordination of effort by individuals at all levels of work is necessary to insure a smooth working organization. It also follows that it is to the advantage of each superior to help his subordinates develop their capabilities and to encourage them to assume responsibility in order that his time need not be devoted to details. In my own case I find a great deal of satisfaction in having my immediate supervisor consider my opinion on action to be taken in certain matters and in accepting without question information which I obtain for him. I

have found that as I have shown ability and willingness to handle them, more responsibilities have been given to me.

Although there are many reasons why I like my job with Fisher Body and General Motors, the most important to me, as I have attempted to explain, is my viewpoint that I have a stake in the business, the value of which can be increased by endeavoring to increase the value of my services to the corporation. In accomplishing this purpose, by developing my understanding of the policies and procedures of the organization and in using this knowledge to enable me to assume broader responsibilities, I am not only assisting my own advancement in the business but I can also feel that I am increasing my part in the efforts of General Motors people to make "more and better things for more people" and to consistently do a better job than competition.

TO BE A CONTEST WINNER entrants had to be on the payroll continuously from September 14 to the date winners were announced in December.



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Paul L. Martin

B.O.P. ASSEMBLY DIVISION

Paul L. Martin, 31, is a pipefitter for the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac Assembly Division plant in Doraville, Ga. He has been employed by the division since last August. Mr. Martin is married and lives in Duluth, Ga.

He is descended from an old American family that originally lived in Virginia and moved to South Carolina immediately after the Revolutionary War. During the Civil War Mr. Martin's forefathers fought with Robert E. Lee's Army. Mr. Martin maintained the soldiering tradition of his family during World War II when he was in the U. S. Army Engineers, serving in the Pacific theater.

Here is the way Mr. Martin worded his letter:

M_Y JOB IS I!

Each day as I go about my tasks, I weave into my job a part of myself. At the close of each day, my job praises me, or condemns me. It praises me when I have given it my best. I stand accused before it when I have failed to give it my best.

My job demands my all,—body, mind, and spirit. Yet I am not slave to it, but master. My job is my contribution to society. Though a small link in the great chain of industry, nevertheless it is an important link. I like to think that without me

the wheels of industry would be slowed down. My job makes me feel that I am needed, that the part I play is an important one.

My job means comfort and security for my family and myself. It is an expression of myself in terms of food, clothing, and shelter for all who depend upon me. It is an expression of myself in terms of good citizenship, out of which spring all the good things of life. Democratic government with all that it provides and protects could not exist without the support my job enables me to give.

My job enables me to give expression to all that is within me; to discover and develop latent possibilities and skills.

I like my job because it provides me with much more than a mere livelihood. I like my job because the company I work for is a leader in its field. Its bigness gives me a feeling of security, not only for the present, but for the future as well. My company is interested in the comfort and the welfare of its employees because it has spared no expense or pains to look after every need of the worker. My company still realizes that the individual is of primary importance, and under competent and considerate supervision gives each unlimited opportunity for further development.

I like my job not only because of what it gives to me, but because of what I can give to it. Through it I serve my day and age. Through it I may give myself at my best. My job is what I make it,—a burden or joyous expression. My job is I!

THREE SPECIAL BOOKLETS were prepared to give contestants some thought-starters: *The Road to Better Living*, *A Six Point Objective for General Motors*, and *Getting Started*.



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Paul I. Masters

DELCO-REMY DIVISION

Before coming to Delco-Remy Division seven years ago, Paul I. Masters worked as a clerk in his father's grocery and as an assistant in a traveling magic show. Shortly after he joined Delco-Remy he became a drill press operator. Two years later he moved up and now is a skilled lathe operator. He considers the opportunity given him to learn a trade the main reason why he likes his job with General Motors. He feels most of us take our work for granted and rarely stop to consider how well off we are.

Mr. Masters has two children, a daughter, 12, and a son, 14. The entire family helped on Mr. Masters' letter. Here it is:

MY JOB? On the records I am listed as a lathe operator, helping to keep an unbroken line of starter frames moving on to be drilled, tapped, burred and inspected. Yes, that is my job. It is but one operation out of a dozen necessary to build that starter frame; but without this operation the frame could not be completed. It is but a single operation out of several hundred which must be performed before the Delco-Remy starter is ready to go into that new car. It is but one operation out of thousands that go into the building of an automobile; yet this operation must be performed before that automobile is

ready to be delivered to you. It is but a single operation performed over and over again throughout the working day. It is not an easy job, and at the end of the day I go home tired but with a feeling of satisfaction that goes with a job well done. Yes, that is my job. But this does not tell the full story of my job and why I like it. Examine this job more closely. See what it means to the driving public and to me and my family.

As I walk down the street I see a lady getting into her car. She deposits her bundles on the seat, and as she slides behind the wheel her foot touches a button on the floor. Instantly the motor comes to life, and is ready to take her wherever she desires to go. This is the modern way of starting; simple, easy and safe. And my job makes this possible.

Another car pulls into a parking space. An elderly gentleman turns off the motor and steps out, confident that when he returns, he will not have to crank that car at the risk of a broken arm or a wrenched shoulder. He knows that that Delco-Remy starter will take the labor and risk out of starting. And, my job makes this possible. Through my job I am constantly holding out a helping hand to the motorist all over the country.

Up and down our streets move an endless stream of automobiles. They fill parking lots and garages. They move across the country over our vast network of state and national highways. They wind their way over small country roads. They move across our fertile plains and through tortuous mountain passes, along our sea shores and through rich inland valleys. They represent a sizeable portion of the wealth of our nation. And, through my job, I have had a part in the building of this great wealth. I have helped to put these cars on our roads and street.

Across the ocean on the British Isles, on the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, in Australia and South America and on thousands of small islands, we find American made automobiles rolling over foreign roads and along foreign streets. My job has given me a part in the building of these cars. The

fruits of my labor may be found in the four corners of the world. My job is one of constructive building to the benefit of the people of the world. That is one of the reasons why I like my job.

But there are also other phases of my job. There are other factors which make my job one of satisfaction. As I reach my home and look around I see a radio standing against the wall ready to bring the best in entertainment and the latest world wide news. Good rugs cover the floor and the furniture is comfortable and in good taste. A vacuum cleaner, electric washer and ironer and other labor saving devices aid my wife with her daily household tasks. All of these things have been made possible by my job.

As I sit down to dinner I see a roast beef, brown potatoes and gravy, green beans, a salad, bread and butter, and apple pie. This may not be an elaborate banquet but it is a good hearty meal. My job has put this food on my table.

I look around at my family. They are well clothed and need not fear the icy winds of winter nor be ashamed to be seen on the streets. My children can attend their school without fear of being ridiculed because of ragged or improper clothing. My wife need not stay home from social gatherings because her dresses are frayed and shabby. My job provides my family with this good clothing.

It puts fuel in my basement to keep us warm during the winter months. It pays our taxes and provides us with the house in which we live.

And as I relax in the comfort of my home amid this physical security which my job affords me, I think of other things which make my job worth while. I think of the fine modern buildings which house our plants and of how they reflect the solid foundation upon which our company is built. And I realize that there will be a job with General Motors many years in the future. I think of the men who are at the head of our company and of the progressive manner with which they conduct the business. And I know that this progressiveness is constantly creating more and better jobs for more people.

I think of the supervisors and foremen who keep the many departments operating smoothly and efficiently. I think of their willingness to listen to our problems and of their sincere efforts to find a satisfactory solution to these problems. I think of their tireless efforts to make our jobs easier, safer and better. I think of the many safety devices that have been installed for our protection and of the improved machinery that has been brought in to improve our jobs. I think of the fine modern hospitals and first aid stations maintained by the company for the protection and welfare of the workers. And of the fine staff of doctors and nurses who are always on hand to aid us in the event of sickness or accident. And I realize that the welfare of the worker is all important with General Motors.

Then my thoughts turn to the great bunch of fellows I work with, and of the friendly spirit of fellowship which prevails among them. I think of the wonderful manner in which they all chip in and come to the aid of a fellow worker who has met with misfortune. And of how they are always willing to go out of their way to help a new man get started. And my thoughts go back to the time when I was a new man. When for the first time I stood before that new and strange machine that I was to operate. And I remember the nervousness I felt as the supervisor explained its operation to me. I remember how my hands shook as I put that first frame on my machine and the words of encouragement spoken to me by my supervisor. I remember when I made a mistake my fellow workers did not poke fun at me, but would unselfishly come to my aid. And how my supervisor, with the patience of Job, would explain to me what I was doing wrong and how to correct it. And as I think of these things, I realize that this encouragement and sympathetic understanding on the part of both the supervisors and my fellow workers, did much to carry me through the hard days of learning until I can now feel that I am one of this great General Motors family.

Then I think of the group insurance made possible by my job, and of what it would mean to my family in the event I

were to pass on. I think of the sick benefits and of what a great help this would be were I to become too ill to work. I think of the Blue Cross and of how much of the financial worry it would take off my shoulders should I or any member of my family need surgical and hospital care. And I know that this insurance, the sick benefits and the Blue Cross protection are all made possible by my job.

My thoughts go back to the dark days of the war and of the wonderful way General Motors turned all of their efforts and resources to the production of vitally needed war material. I think of the long hours that we all put in at our machines, and of the even longer hours put in by our superiors to win this war of production. And I realize that our company, General Motors, played a large part in winning this production war, and that I also through my job, had a part in this victory.

And as I leave the past and look to the future, my thoughts turn to the many new products being brought out by General Motors. I think of the vast improvements made to old products and of the constant efforts of our engineering staff to produce "more and better things for more people". I think of the new and improved devices General Motors has contributed to the automotive world to make driving easier, safer and more comfortable. In this progressive manner our company is ever moving forward. And I realize that this progressiveness is my assurance of future security. That through my job I too am moving forward with General Motors. I think of the opportunities I have to advance to bigger and better jobs through my own initiative and ability. That my job of to-day may be the stepping stone which will lead me to the realization of my dreams of success. This in itself is enough to make my job worth while.

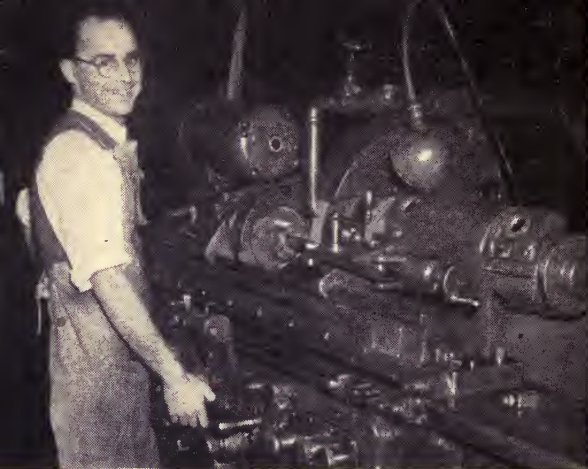
And, as I think of the products we manufacture, I am reminded of the high standards of quality maintained by the company. I realize that this high standard of quality has made General Motors the leader in its field and is keeping our company up on top. And, with a feeling of pride. I realize my job must meet this high standard of quality; for just as a precious

gem may be ruined by a slight flaw, so can a quality product be ruined by a single faulty operation.

But these thoughts of my job would not be complete if they did not include some of the good times I have enjoyed since I started to work for General Motors. I think of the wonderful vacation trips which my job has made possible. Of nature's wonderlands I have visited thanks to my job. I think of how my job takes me and my family to the theatre and provides us with newspapers and magazines to read. I think of the many sporting events I have witnessed thanks to my job, and of the fine athletic programme which our company sponsors. I think of the paper, the "Delco-Remy Clan", which our division publishes every week, and of the fine magazine, "Folks" which General Motors publishes every month. All of these are benefits which I receive from my job. All of these are reasons for my liking my job.

Yes, there are other factors which also go into making my job worth while. There is the respect which I, as a General Motors employee receive in my community, and the respect which General Motors has attained as a manufacturer of quality products and as a good place to work. There is the suggestion benefit plan which is open to all of us and the annual report by General Motors on the state of the company. All of these things make my job a good job. It is not the monetary benefit alone that I like about my job. Nor is it merely the idea of working for a progressive company. Nor the fine modern buildings in which we work. Nor any single benefit. But all these factors combine to make my job worth while.

Yes, I am a lathe operator, performing one operation out of many that go into the building of an automobile. That is my job. It is constructive building with a sound and solid company which will last for many years into the future; it affords me an opportunity to advance and to achieve greater success; it affords me security for to-day and for the future and it brings me not only the essentials of life but also many of the luxuries and good times. Yes, that is my job, and that is why I like it.



Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan

Richard O. Neal

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

Richard O. Neal, 38, has been a toolmaker at Electro-Motive since June 10, 1947. Before that, he spent two and a half years with the Buick Motor Division's aircraft engine plant at Melrose Park, Ill.

Born in Findlay, O., he was graduated from the South Side High School at Ft. Wayne, Ind. He then served a six-year apprenticeship in tool and gage making before leaving Ft. Wayne. Since living in the Chicago area, he has completed three years of college work by attending night school at DePaul University. Mr. Neal is married and the father of three boys, William, 3; Kenneth, 7; and David, 9. At his home in Lombard, Ill., he serves as assistant cubmaster for the Cub Scouts. In his MJC letter, Mr. Neal wrote:

MY JOB! What is my job? Must it exist, does it exist, only for the purpose of machining some intricate part that will find its way into a jig or a fixture; a gauge or a die that in turn, upon their completion, becomes a means whereby the production department can produce a workable camshaft, crankshaft or connecting rod which in the last analysis becomes the very pulse of a locomotive? To negate such a statement would be absurd. For my job, as a toolmaker, does consist of this very

thing and a most interesting job it is; but, if I were to stop here and say that my job ended when this had been completed, I would be "of all men most miserable."

Upon re-examining my job I find it goes beyond the efficiency acquired through habituation, important as this is. I discover a larger sphere of service wherein I might also travel. I am suddenly aware of the fact that I exist in relation with otherselves. What a challenge! I sense responsibilities toward my fellow-laborer. This two-fold aspect of my job makes me conscious of values, both subjective and objective. The very thought of these causes me to experience that inner sense of pleasure known as feeling, an awareness that accompanies each reaction by which I am given a degree of satisfaction when that reaction is harmonious with my current purpose or a degree of annoyance if it is not. Realizing that I exist in relation with otherselves and that otherselves exist in relation with me, I find I cannot take human beings as if they were factory products all cut to the same pattern. Each individual is a distinct and separate problem, with his own special equipment of traits, inclinations and capacities, subject to circumstances that have no precise duplicate in the case of anyone else, and to influences that he may bend to his own advantage but may not destroy.

How, then, can I best serve at my daily occupation so that all concerned might benefit? The fullest satisfaction can only be reached as I consider my job a journey, not a destination. It does not consist in drawing into a station, getting off the train and settling down to a long rest. It lies more in striving than in accomplishment. There must be achievement, to be sure; but this achievement must not leave one satisfied and inert, it must furnish an impetus and quicken the desire for further progress. I do not believe that satisfaction makes a much better companion for success than despair. The man who is satisfied with success would be satisfied with failure.

With this thought in mind, and having already made mention of the subjective and objective values we shall at this point

treat first the subjective. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is put first because it is the only set of relations whose reactions may be observed at first, that continue through life, and constitute the basis from which all other relations spring and are conditioned. Therefore, I find I must work. To me my job is important, not because it helps make a profit for the company, this is to be expected, but because it is my means of livelihood and because, if my relations with management are right, I derive a real and personal satisfaction from my work. Again, values of some kind are essential if life is to seem worth the living. What particular values I may desire vary with my individual temperament and training as well as with circumstances. Foremost, is the desire for personal attainment; one of the most powerful of all are desires. It is just as important to me as it is to otherselves. They, no less than I, want to feel that they are contributing to the success of their organization and to know that their contribution is recognized in the company's program. Furthermore, from my job I expect satisfaction, that which tends toward a complete integration of all activities. To attain satisfaction I must have freedom for the realization of chosen ends, and I will not be content if I believe that unnecessary restraints are being placed upon my efforts. But my fears are dispelled as I consider the words of our president, Mr. C. E. Wilson: "To develop the maximum personal application to his job and interest in it each employe must have sound incentives to work. Such incentives include: fair compensation, recognition for results achieved, reasonable security and opportunity and hope for advancement in the organization."

Much more could be said, but it remains that we treat the objective values, which to me are of supreme importance. Man may not rightly worship man, but respect is a common basis for the faith relation. The Apostle John offers as evidence to any who may doubt the sincerity of their faith toward God that they "shall love the brethern." In short, I find the friendly attitude is the influencing attitude. I learn my fellow-

workers names and find out something about them and their families. I call them by name. I talk to them about their work, their ambitions, their children. The results of this convey an overall attitude of the employes morale, which in the last analysis is one of the principal factors in the success or failure of any business: yes, and in the success or failure of any individual. No matter how well operated a concern may be, or how superior its products, it has two strikes against it unless its employes have the right kind of attitude toward their jobs and unless they perform conscientiously and enthusiastically the duties assigned them. Realizing this, I sense the strength of attitudes or feelings and am aware that they, as with all powers, grow by exercise. Therefore, I conclude that the largest accelerative force in individual growth is the exercise of helpful activity towards ones fellowmen. The culmination of all this activity is love. Not self-love which has too little range of satisfaction to be a source of lasting enjoyment, but the attitude of heart and mind toward all my fellow-workmen. Herein is a commentary upon "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Here, love is considered a grace, resulting in true courtesy, or politeness, which is an objective value. Courtesy, or politeness, cannot be learned from books of etiquette; it comes from within, but is outwardly manifested by consideration for the feeling of others—an awareness of them as persons with feelings, rights, and intelligence. Under its control the humblest life becomes a radiant source of strength, of help, of harmony. In my manifestation of this grace I try to make it dynamic in conversation, by encouragement, exhortation, frequent use of opportunities to speak well of others and in every act of benevolence.

Again, I find that such purely material considerations as wages, hours, and physical working conditions are of less importance to employe morale than such intangibles as quality of supervision, recognition of individual rights, fairness of treatment, satisfaction, true freedom, courtesy and so on. I realize I have no control over the tangibles such as were listed above; nor would I belittle giving the worker more pay for

fewer hours. It's a spectacular accomplishment; but, by my giving him courteous and considerate treatment, and the respect due him as an individual may be, and probably is, less spectacular but I find it brings great dividends of loyalty and cooperation which can not be bought. I find too, that as I work with my fellowmen a note of praise will spur him on. People unquestionably sustain effort and do better work when they are commended at judicious intervals, then when they are constantly being criticized. This acts as a buttress to strengthen their self-confidence. It is known that self-confidence holds so long as experience continues to harmonize with purpose, or, in default of permanence of purpose, the purpose may be made to harmonize with experience.

Again, I enjoy my work because of opportunities from time to time in my ordinary contacts with my fellow-workers to infuse into them an enthusiasm for their work and a positive desire to give every ounce of effort of which they are capable. It is through these contacts, too, that are largely determined the kind of attitudes they will take toward their jobs, and on their attitudes depend whether their work will be of a slipshod or of an enthusiastic nature.

In concluding, I have always aimed at maintaining a high degree of happiness at my job, and I have found that fullest happiness can come only with fullest expression. "The appetite of a man laboreth for him, for his mouth urgeth him." This full expression is urgent and permanently consistent only so far as the purpose of life is both simple and worthy. Its kindly spirit is expressed in a certain familiar rule of life:

"I shall not pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Thus, in these few remarks I have sought to point out a few of the subjective and objective values of "My Job and Why I Like It."

Winner of a
Buick
Model 51
Super
Four-Door Sedan



Taylor C. Phillips

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

Taylor C. Phillips, 24, a color spray man for the GMC Truck & Coach Division, is a newcomer with General Motors. He went to work for the division last fall. However, the division's products are not new to him. Before joining GMC Truck & Coach, he drove a GMC-built bus for one of the large bus companies.

Mr. Phillips has been spending most of his spare time trying to find a house in Pontiac, Mich., so that his family can join him. His wife, four-year-old son and two-year-old daughter have been living in Wytheville, Va.

When not house-hunting he found time to write the following major award-winning letter:

I AM A SPRAY PAINTER at G.M.C. and I wear my badge as proudly as the proudest G.I. wears his honorable discharge button because I know that my job is an important and necessary one in this gigantic organization.

I have the proud knowledge that the very tanks, trucks & so forth that I helped camouflage so that not the faintest glimmer or sparkle of reflected sun or moonlight could betray the courageous men who operated them to the watching enemy were as directly responsible for winning the war and saving

lives as was all the other strategic materials produced by this company at that time.

Now I have the wonderful privilege and opportunity of using colors. Bright, beautiful sparkling colors that catch the eye—and hold it. Smart firetruck reds, easter egg yellows, and soft shimmering greens.

Perhaps, I say to myself as I adjust my spray gun, perhaps a farmer will buy this truck to take his butter and eggs into town and maybe to treat his wife and kiddies to a movie on Saturday night. Then this truck must be a bright clear color, to give him pride, and joy, in his back-breaking dawn until dusk labors. And maybe this one will be used by a florist and so the softest of greens to make a perfect background for the brilliance and fragrance of his flowers. And this glistening white job. I can almost smell the warm bread and fine cakes and pies to be delivered in this one.

But I don't have to dream of the results of my job. They are everywhere. For instance that shiny new truck in a display window. I put that paint job on there, that first attracts a prospective buyer. Or if not that particular one, I know there is some of my work on display all over the United States. And even better than that, I know that every bit of my work is being used somewhere and probably proudly. That is achievement.

Most of the reasons why I like my job were printed in those little booklets furnished us for this contest. They include recognition for results achieved, reasonable security and opportunity for advancement. And last, but far from least, fair compensation.

My job pays well and each job I paint is another step on the road to security for me and my family. It is milk for my baby, shoes for my son, another payment on our home. It is education for my children, bread for my table, the luxuries and necessities the present and future of my wife, my children and myself.

These are the reasons I like my job. Can there be any others?

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Kenneth A. Quigley

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION

Kenneth A. Quigley, 32, a Chevrolet test driver, has been with General Motors in various capacities since 1942. For two years he tested materials by radiography for the Buick Motor Division. In 1944 he went to the AC Spark Plug Division at Flint as a material specifications engineer. In the fall of 1946 he was transferred to the proving ground as a driver.

Mr. Quigley is married and has a son, George, 2, and a daughter, Charlajan, 6. His hobby is his home workshop. He wrote:

THE JANGLE of an alarm clock jolts me to consciousness, and I grope to choke it into silence. Although it is ten o'clock at night, the time most of my neighbors are going to bed, I dress for work—not reluctantly but with anticipation, because I like my job.

Driving to work I think of the numerous advantages of this "graveyard" shift (from eleven-thirty P.M. to eight A.M.): Traffic is light at these hours; when I get home from work I have a full half-day of daylight before I have to go to bed, or I can go to bed when I first get home and spend the evening with my family; since I work only forty hours per week, I have an extra long week-end (from eight o'clock Saturday morning to eleven-thirty Monday night); and our one car serves as

two—a family car during the day, yet a means of transportation to and from work.

As I approach the General Motors Proving Grounds near Milford, Michigan where I work as a test driver for Chevrolet Engineering, a feeling of pride surges through me. The beautifully landscaped grounds are located away from the smoke and din of any city and much higher than the surrounding country, so the scenery is inspirational. I never miss an opportunity to show off to my family and our visitors “the place where I work”—that is, as much as you can see from the outside. I am proud not only of the place where I work, but also of the name of the place. Whenever anyone asks, “Who do you work for?” I know I am guilty of sticking out my chest a little as I answer, “General Motors,” because I realize that General Motors stands for more and better things for more people. Proof of this are the facts that a test grounds is maintained to better the products and that Chevrolet, for example, leads the automotive field in sales. I can’t help being proud that I am a member of the General Motors family.

I park my car in the spacious and well-lighted lot, exchange friendly greetings with the plant protection men and fellow employees and get ready to start driving. There are many things—little items usually taken for granted—that build for contentment on the job. I have two clean changes of coveralls furnished weekly; janitor service keeps the buildings clean; restrooms are clean and sanitary; a cafeteria and medical service are available; and even the drinking water is refrigerated. Such work as mine is often considered dangerous by outsiders, but the close inspection of all vehicles, a good traffic system, and elimination of careless drivers has kept the accident toll to a minimum. My work never becomes monotonous, because there is such a variety in the driving schedules and in the vehicles I drive; we are rotated so we have a different one each succeeding time.

As I start the car or truck rolling on its specified schedule a feeling of satisfaction sweeps over me because I like automobiles. Even as a child I kept scrap-books of cars, built crude

push-mobiles, and had a jallopy to tinker with when of high-school age. I enjoy learning more about automobiles.

While the beams of the headlights pierce the darkness I have much time to meditate. Although I am a rather insignificant member of a great corporation, I am given the responsibility of my work with freedom to execute it. I am treated, not like an unfeeling piece of machinery, but like a thinking human being. General Motors does many things to raise the standard of living of its employees: They offer group insurance and hospitilization, maintain technical schools for training its workers, pay higher wages than most occupations in my community, grant vacations with pay, and give opportunities for advancement. Workers' suggestions are received and rewarded if worthy, and the supervisors are always willing to listen to complaints or suggestions. As a result good relations exist between employees and management. It is a pleasure to work under the kind of men I have for supervisors. The night is growing colder, and my thoughts turn to Christmas and how my family is looking forward to another Proving Grounds' Christmas Party with its generous supply of good things to eat, entertainment, and expensive gifts. The picnic last summer was grand too. These events are greatly appreciated. Such contests as the soap-box derby and the construction of model cars and coaches create much interest and are good diversions for the energies of youth. General Motors not only tries to put its workers on the road to better living, but it does many things to raise the standard of living for people in general.

The bright disc of the morning sun peeping over the wooded hills compels me to lower the visor; another day is dawning—another night's work is about to end, and the thought strikes me that above all else I like my job because I chose it myself. Nobody said, "You shall work here!" And as I feel the flow of power surging the car up the seven percent hill, I thank God that I have a dependable job with General Motors, a corporation founded on free enterprise, and that I live in a free America where I can choose the job I like.



Winner of an
Oldsmobile
Series 76
Dynamic Cruiser
Four-Door Sedan

Agnes Smith, R. N.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION

Miss Agnes Smith has been employed by the Chevrolet Gear & Axle Plant as a registered nurse since February, 1945.

In her Detroit apartment she enjoys one of her favorite hobbies, cooking.

Her interests are not confined entirely to the kitchen, however. She is fond of bowling and dancing, and likes horseback riding. Miss Smith is also interested in flowers and gardening, and likes to read, her favorite material being classical poetry.

Her contest letter explains why she likes her job as a nurse in the medical department of the Chevrolet Gear & Axle Plant. Miss Smith's winning entry reads as follows:

MY BOYS—A LITTLE WHILE AGO I stood in front of the General Motors office building as I gazed at this magnificent structure I thought of the many activities of the remarkable General Motors Company. I contemplated that this company has helped to make America a proud efficient people. Its stupendous efforts has enabled even its poorest laborer to have comforts almost unheard of by the masses in foreign lands. It has helped to raise the standard of living of every American and has touched and enriched the lives of almost every living

being. I feel a personal satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that I am a recognized and active part of something important.

As I leaned against the marble pillar at the entrance of the building somebody stopped and asked me, "Do you actually like your job at General Motors?" I with a chuckle replied, "Of course I like my job. I am happy there. It satisfies my simple tastes and keeps my mind content." After the question was put to me, I pondered upon my reply which had been given unhesitatingly in the affirmative. The events of the past three years of which I have been employed as a nurse in a large factory pass in review. For the first time in the ten years that I have been working I feel financially secure, I eat better food, wear more expensive clothing. It is the first time since I was a child that I have a home. I even have leisure to enjoy a reasonable amount of recreation. I have a vacation with pay, a retirement fund, social security, health and life insurance and a sick leave. Now all these things are new to me and it is all so wonderful that it still seems almost unreal. I came to the company lonesome, ignorant of what was expected of me, and perhaps just a little bit afraid. I was soon to learn that I could always depend upon the knowledge that there are those who know and understand and actually care. So many people have been so nice to me. I have found warmth and kindness here.

My job is my boys, the thousand or more men who are my patients. There are yellow men, black men, white men, and red men, from the fog of England to the heat of the Sahara men have come answering the call of General Motors. Their speech bears a trace of a remembrance of almost all parts of the world. There are men, young and old, men renown and obscure. I marvel at the hegemony of so diversified a people who find contentment here even when the world is beset by problem and conflict.

In the scourge of things that come and go every man has an opportunity to make a contribution to the world by bringing dignity to his work and each man in his turn has a story to tell.

There is interest here. There is drama here. I have listened to the philosophy of Pete the janitor, laughed with the clown who is a tool setter, thrilled to the song of the Irish grinder, sighed over the woes of the sober Pole, Marveled at the integrity of the superintendent who worked on the assembly line not too long ago, for everyone has a chance for advancement. I have seen a whole parade and cycle of types and varieties of men as I administered to their needs. I feel that my job gives me an opportunity to think deeply, to live intensely. Prevention of accidents and illness is the watchword of our department and every man is expected to take advantage of the modern facilities at their disposal. We want a healthy happy employee. Respect and homage has made my pathway fair. I feel a bitter-sweet joy in caring for these people and perhaps something of a maternal interest in these men, that gives me a right to call them my boys.

TO BOOST PARTICIPATION in the My Job Contest, Flint divisions broadcast over the radio, New Departure had a parade, and all plants and divisions used employe publications, posters, letters, public address systems and stunts.

Winner of a
Chevrolet
Fleetline Series
Sportmaster
Four-Door Sedan



Mary Elizabeth Strasser

GM OVERSEAS OPERATIONS DIVISION

Miss Mary E. Strasser has been with General Motors a little less than two years, but she knows pretty well why she likes her job as a clerk in the cable department of the Foreign Distributors Division of the GM Overseas Operations Division in New York City. Her letter on the subject won her an automobile.

Letter-writing isn't one of Miss Strasser's hobbies, however. Chief interest of the entire Strasser family is music. She is an accomplished singer and pianist.

Her letter, two-and-a-half pages long in single-spaced type-writing, gave some interesting sidelights on her job where she has the world "at her fingertips." Here is what she said:

I AM A SEVENTH GENERATION AMERICAN, so mine is not the appealing story of the immigrant, whose sincere appreciation of his newly found privileges and opportunities in America, makes us realize how truly wonderful are the things we have been taking for granted.

It is a natural phenomenon that in chaotic times, nationalism runs high. Now in the aftermath of World War II we Americans are keenly aware of our precious heritage as we strive to combat the various "isms" that threaten our internal security.

Radios, newspapers and movies shout the plight of the rest of the world, and we in the land of plenty, are awakening, and I pray in time, to preserve the principles that have made these United States the leader among nations.

What puts us in this top position—how did we get that way? What accounts for our tremendous growth and prosperity in our 171 years as a nation? Students of American History could write tomes of varying explanations, but all would emphasize the American system of Free Enterprise—to my mind our most formidable bulwark against the oppressions of the Totalitarian Police State.

Where else in the world can people find a job to suit their talents, work for advancement, receive a fair wage and enjoy such pleasant working conditions as we do here in the U.S.A.? Let the portable-soap-box boys try to answer that!

Large industries, then, operating on our sound principles of Free Enterprise, and resulting in the production of more and better products, might well be termed strongholds of Democracy. Outstanding among them, yes, I'm bragging, is our own General Motors Corporation. With the innumerable advantages the employees enjoy in our Company, we seem to be way out front—if anyone is keeping score!

Basically, there are two reasons why I like my job; the Company with whom I am associated, and the work I do.

Security is important to me, and it's good to know that I'm working for a Company whose products are and will continue to be in great demand. I am also thankful for the unusual opportunities for advancement that are found only in such large corporations. It's perhaps the finest incentive for doing your best work, especially the way General Motors recognizes your efforts and rewards them accordingly. Then, too, there is a certain prestige being associated with such a well-known and respected worldwide outfit, and I am genuinely proud to be a part of this great corporation.

My job is that of a clerk-typist in the Cable Department. To a romanticist like me, the field of communications is interest-

ing, and its history, fascinating. The realization that cities have been built, battles won, and civilizations have flourished because of communications, lends its own enchantment to my work. It is not so strange then, that my otherwise thwarted spirit of adventure finds its daily outlet with my imagination racing my reason to strange lands and stranger people. I've also learned a lot about foreign lands, languages and customs, for my job has aroused my curiosity about the rest of the world. Yes, to me, my job is interesting. It's even fun! My illiterate typewriter and I often have a laugh over the unpronounceable names. And let's not forget the ego. At the risk of sounding like an amateur psychologist, I must admit the understanding of the necessity of feeling important. My family and friends bear with me as I too casually announce: "I sent a cable to King Farouk's representative. Nothing but a Cadillac for the King," or (not so long ago), "Couldn't get a cable into Tel-Aviv today, Martial Law, you know."

Although not of the fan letter variety, I often send and receive cables and telegrams from famous persons and find myself enjoying it. Routine? With the world literally and figuratively at my fingertips, how could it be?

Please do not dismiss all this as so much "tra-la." A fair understanding of myself prompts the admission that, according to the make-up of both me and my job, we're a perfect match.

And what better proof than happiness in your work, than actual, honest job satisfaction! To discover what type of work appeals to you; to be trained in that field; to take an active interest in things associated with it; to do it to the best of your ability; culminating with the material and mental reward of a job well done, comprise my ideas of job satisfaction. To me, this is the most potent single factor why I or anyone else would really like his job!

Eight hours a day is too long a time for bewilderment, disinterest or aggravation. For this reason, I'm grateful to the G.M. Employment of Personnel Policy, or whatever force it

was that placed me in with a group of friendly, cooperative fellow workers. I feel that this cannot be stressed too much. Anyone with a job understands the importance of pleasant working associates. On this score, I really have been lucky. My immediate superior, an efficient, understanding woman, is a pleasure to work with; my co-workers the same.

The mass psychology of job appreciation in this contest is really working on me. I always liked my job, but didn't realize how enthusiastic I could become about it until I thought about it to write this letter. As I reread what I have written, everything is so good—so lovely, that I sound rather "Elsie Dinsmore-ish"—but, like Elsie, I am sincere!

Of course, I have often enough indulged in our American prerogative of "griping." And then what happens? In our new office, we complained of the lighting. A new fixture was installed. I complained of my banged-up typewriter. "No excuse," said our Office Manager, and the following week produced a shiny new model. I wished aloud for a two hour lunch period. So far, nothing has been done—my only assurance that this is not Utopia!

Like my job? I love it, and hope to spend the rest of my working days with General Motors. I even like to write about it, which is my excuse for this lengthy letter.

I like my job because: I like GMC, epitome of our American system of Free Enterprise, its fair policies, consideration of the employees' welfare, its security, its opportunities limited only by my own limitations, pleasant working conditions and fine associates, good salary, the things I have learned, and am learning—but oh—that job satisfaction!

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



Lawrence H. White

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION

For more than 27 years Lawrence H. White, 56, has worked for one division or another of General Motors. He started with the Cadillac Motor Car Division on July 6, 1920. He later worked for the Fisher Body Division but returned to Cadillac in July, 1929 and is now in the final car finishing department.

Mr. White lives with his father and invalid mother. He has a married daughter, a son and grandchild. His son, Donald, graduates this year from the University of Detroit. Here is his letter:

IN ORDER for a man to be happy and content at his work, he must be able to feel a pride and satisfaction in that job and in the final product of his efforts; he must feel he is doing something worthwhile or he is soon unhappy and discontented and seeking other fields for his talents.

I feel that I have been fortunate, for in my twenty-seven years with Cadillac Motor Company my work has not only earned a living for me and my family, but it has brought me a great deal of inner satisfaction, for, working as I do at the very end of the production line, I see the ultimate product of the labor and skill of numberless designers, engineers and skilled craftsman, a finished Cadillac, and it is my job to give this Cadillac the final touch that makes it the thing of beauty that

it is—the touch that sets it aside in a superior class by itself as the royalty of the automotive world.

As a Cadillac moves down “the line” only the best of materials and finest of craftsmanship goes into its construction as, piece by piece and unit by unit, it grows until finally it reaches my part of the line, an automobile complete in all but one detail. It is this detail, however, that makes the car come to life, that transforms it from a drab, cold, mechanical contrivance into a thing of warm, sparkling beauty—seeming almost to glow with an inner life of its own. It is here at the end of “the line” where all mars and blemishes are removed and the finish polished to a shining lustre by men like myself that a Cadillac is really born.

It is no wonder then that I experience such satisfaction and pride in my work for there is a distinct thrill of achievement in seeing the dull paint take on the shining Cadillac brilliance under the touch of my buffing machine or work of my own hands where the nature of the job demands hand-polishing. I have this great advantage over many of my fellow-workers in that I am rewarded by seeing the fruit of my labors as a completed whole, whereas for many, whose job is further back on “the line”, it is difficult to connect up in their imagination their job, whatever it may be, with the finished car and, consequently, any pride in their work may be lost in a rut of monotony and apathy.

I consider myself fortunate in my job for I feel that I have a kinship with the craftsman of old who saw his own efforts produce from raw materials a final product that was, to borrow from the poet Keats, “a thing of beauty, a joy forever.”

Therein lies the reason that I have been content to stay at my job with Cadillac for twenty-seven years, for, though the work is at times hard, there has been and is a reward above and beyond the economic or material reward. There is the spiritual reward of feeling that I have added some bit of beauty to the world by dint of my own efforts in helping maintain the Cadillac standard of quality workmanship.

Winner of a
Pontiac Six
Streamliner
Four-Door Sedan



Ervin H. Witt

FISHER BODY DIVISION

Ervin H. Witt, 46, is a GM veteran of almost ten years. At the present time he is employed as a model maker leader in the engineering division of the Fisher Body Central Engineering Activities in Detroit. He is married and has a six-year-old daughter, Nancy.

Mr. Witt's hobby is singing. For the past six years he has been a member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. He sings tenor in a quartet which has performed at numerous veterans' hospitals and charitable institutions. Singing has not always been just a hobby for him. Mr. Witt and his wife were members of a vaudeville team for years.

That he likes work in GM in contrast to being "on the road" in show business is evident from his MJC letter. Here it is:

ELEVEN YEARS AGO I stood before the audience of a theatre on Broadway and sang my swan song. As the last notes rose and ended in a crashing crescendo of applause from the audience, I wondered how I could endure the life I was about to begin the next day. I was going to leave the glamour and glory of Broadway, and what it held in promise, for a life in Detroit and a steady job, a dull uncolorful job, I was sure.

This decision to change professions came into being a few weeks previous, when our family physician confirmed my wife's and my worst fears, when he said: "There can be no children, unless you adopt them."

A child of our own was our dream and goal in life. We took the good doctors advice and started out to adopt a baby, but each home and orphanage closed their doors on us when they found we were show folks; a wardrobe trunk is poor material building a home.

This ultimately led me to G.M. for a job, but it was not what kep't me there for eleven years.

Perhaps it was the wise act of the employment office of placing me in a position that required creative ability—Model making—this creative work filled the need my artistic nature needed. I soon found that I hadn't really given up show business at all, for G.M. was the biggest show I ever played in. It was a huge production played on an immeasurable stage. Each man and woman played their part to the hilt, and gloried in G.M.'s method of applause; a substantial raise for work well done, and better parts in the future. The model making department took on an odor of productivity that far rivaled the unforgettable one of grease paint.

To-day I am a leader of model and fixture work in the mechanical parts department, and as I look around the place I work and see the friends I had associated with for eleven years. It makes me feel good, for friends of long standing were unheard of in show business, that kept one on the move. I do not know where the glamour of show business existed now, for as I recall, it was glamour for only the few minutes before the audience, then it was quick meals cooked over an electric plate in a dirty dressing room; unclean hotels and rooming houses; five shows a day at irregular hours; pay on Saturday night if the profits allowed, if not then we were stranded, a far cry from G.M. with it's regular hours that permit me time for recreation and pursuit of my first love, singing, and the clean working space, sanitary wash rooms with unlimited facilities,

safety and health measures, strong, friendly supervision and best of all good fellowship. I will not even try to mention the many other advantages G.M. affords it would take me too long.

At G.M. I was able to set aside savings that were to play an important part in my life, it was six years ago that a blow fell that had I still been in show business, would have eliminated me without a seconds warning. An abscessed tooth caused me to undergo an operation that deformed my face somewhat, and it is only because of the understanding and help from G.M. that I was able to afford good reputable medical help, that led to my recovery and to my being able to face people again to-day. G.M.'s sick benefits, and workers good cheer put me back in the swim, for this I will always be grateful.

Three years ago our dreams were fulfilled, an adoption proceedings gave us our first child, by benefit of a good home and steady employment in a reliable concern. We are also eligible now to adopt as many more as we wish, A matter we will take up again as soon as the opportunity arises.

Do I like my job? Do I——. YES

We have our own show now, a green shuttered cottage; leading lady—leading man—engenie—and a cast increase in the future. 'Life in the good old American way'—continuous performance.

G.M. was the 'angel'.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES followed the progress of the contest with interest. The contest was considered unique.



"The letters written by the 40 top winners are the most sincere and moving human documents it has ever been my privilege to read."

Summing Up

C. E. WILSON

*President, General Motors

THE RESULTS of the "My Job and Why I Like It" Contest exceeded all our expectations, not only because of the number of General Motors employees who participated, but more particularly because of the tone and quality of the letters themselves. The letters written by the 40 top winners are the most sincere and moving human documents it has ever been my privilege to read. They give one a feeling that so long as people such as the men and women who wrote these letters live and work as Americans, our country and our institutions are safe.

The letters in this booklet represent the thoughts and feelings of only 40 General Motors employees. I know that tens of thousands of other employees who wrote letters must feel the same way. The judges who picked out these 40 letters had a difficult task. Thousands of others, those who won lesser prizes, and thousands who were not in the list of more than 5,000 winners, all revealed that they were intensely and sincerely interested in their jobs, not only for themselves, but for their families and their country. They expressed real satisfaction in the knowledge that they were doing work that is important and worthwhile.

At the beginning of the contest I tried to define a good job. I said: "A good job is a job that you know needs doing—a job you have the ability and experience to fill—a job that is worth doing well and which you know will reward you for doing it that way."

These letters indicate that the men and women of General Motors feel that way about their jobs.

One or two letters, read alone, reveal the sentiments of individual writers, but I strongly recommend that these letters be read altogether, for through them runs a spirit that is remarkable and most heartening. It is hard to define. It is a spirit of earnestness, of pride in the job, of accomplishment, of a true appreciation of the importance of useful work, whether it be in the shop, at a drawing board, or behind a desk. These men and women of General Motors have a sense of the importance of their work, a realization that, though the individual's part may be small, it is essential to the whole and that it is worth doing well.

One of the most important results of these letters is the education of management itself. Every manager, every man who is responsible for supervising the work of others, should read and study these letters carefully. No one can read and study them without gaining a better insight into the minds and thoughts and aspirations of the people in the plants, laboratories and offices. No one can read them, I believe, without experiencing some of the same thrill that I experienced when I read them. They give a new understanding of the high character of the men and women who work for General Motors. They give a further realization of the importance of understanding and cooperation on the part of supervision. They are in themselves an education for supervisory people.

I could quote from many of these letters at length, but that would be no substitute for reading every one of them thoroughly. I shall quote briefly from just two. The writer of one letter probably had no idea he was defining the attributes of a good foreman, that he was setting up a rule that if followed by people who supervise the work of others would inevitably make them good supervisors. Here is what he said: "I have many reasons why I like my job, but I think the most important to me is the fact that I have a good foreman, and for every reason I think he is good, I like my job that much better.

He thinks I have more ability than I think I have, so I consistently do better work than I thought I could do."

There is a whole treatise on how to handle people in that last sentence.

This contest, so far as I know, was unique. I have never heard of another like it. It was remarkable in many respects, and in one respect particularly. It caused the 175,000 General Motors men and women who wrote letters to stop and think about what was *good* about their jobs. In the words of the popular song, it caused these men and women to "accentuate the positive." As one letter writer indicated, he had never before stopped to think about the good things connected with his job, but when he did stop to think, he surprised himself with the number of "positives" there really were. I believe this is one of the greatest values of the contest, to all the people who participated, not just to the prize winners. All these people took time to study their jobs more carefully, to realize the importance of their jobs, to add up all the "plus" factors and to satisfy themselves that their accomplishments were highly worthwhile. In this sense, everybody won. Automobiles and other prizes are desirable, but a sense of value, of satisfaction in work well-done is of inestimable worth.

We have heard much about the "dignity of labor." It is a justly well-worn expression. These letters demonstrate, as perhaps nothing else could, the true meaning of that expression. To quote from another letter: "In the scourge of things that come and go, every man has an opportunity to make a contribution to the world by bringing dignity to his work, and each man in his turn has a story to tell."

General Motors is fortunate indeed to have on its payrolls the real Americans who wrote these letters. The combined reasons the writers of these letters gave for liking their jobs have helped me to a better understanding of why I like my job.

*For further information concerning the My Job Contest
or for additional copies of this booklet write to*

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

GENERAL MOTORS

Detroit 2, Michigan



“A good job is a job that you know needs doing—a job you have the ability and experience to fill—a job that is worth doing well and which you know will reward you for doing it that way.”

C. E. WILSON